HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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SOME SETTERS AND POINTERS AT THE DOG SHOW.—DRAWN BY J. M. TRACY.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

"Brilliant illustrations, captivating stories, sensible and useful instruction, are features of this American weekly favorite."—*Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., in the Sunday-School Journal.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for May 4 is more than usually attractive, especially in the richness of its illustrations. It opens with a picture entitled

"LITTLE COQUETTE,"

executed by FRANK FRENCH, *one of the foremost engravers of the day.*

An excellent drawing by EDMUND H. GARRETT *illustrates the first instalment of a fairy tale by* LUCY C. LILLIE, *the most popular writer of stories for girls; and* W. P. SNYDER *has a drawing, cleverly engraved, to accompany the fifth instalment of "Silent Pete; or, The Stowaways," by the author of "Toby Tyler," etc.*

"A LETTER FOR THE SQUIRE,"

is the title of a charming illustration occupying a full page.

Other articles and pictures are: "Uncle Harry's Foils," a practical article on the rudiments of the art of fencing, illustrated by THULSTRUP; *"Parlor Parterres," by* GEORGE B. BARTLETT; *a story by* DAVID KER; *a poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER; *and a humorous illustration by* GRAY-PARKER.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

HONEST and intelligent citizens who live by daily wages have learned a great many useful lessons from the present labor strikes and disturbances. First of all, they have learned that there is an American view of all these questions, and an American way of dealing with them. The sentiment of fair play and equal rights and personal liberty is supreme in this country, and the organization and procedure which are most objectionable in labor associations are due mainly to a leadership and control which are essentially foreign and not American. Nothing is more evident than the public sympathy and support which are given to what are seen to be the fair and reasonable demands of wage-earning workmen, and nothing is more certain than the summary public condemnation of the attempt of such workmen to injure each other, or in any way to interfere with the equal liberty of others. Railroad hands who strike and then hang about the road to obstruct its business, and by threats and terror or actual violence to prevent other men from taking the vacant places, are public enemies—enemies of public order, of the American principle, and of society itself—and the moment that they take this position they are wholly abandoned by public opinion. Senator HAWLEY spoke for every self-respecting and honorable working-man in America when he said that if he were on a strike, and thieves and bullies undertook, under cover of the strike, to seize property or to oppress honest laborers, he would gladly volunteer to keep the peace. That is as good an expression of the true American feeling and position as the labor troubles of the spring have produced. It is not the American way to burn down the house in order to kill a rat or to roast a pig; nor is it the American way to upset society in order to secure a fair hearing and a just decision.

So with the boycott. It is, as we have heretofore shown, the destruction of individual freedom and the establishment of mob tyranny. It becomes also, at a very early moment, a conspiracy which is to be repressed by law. It is also unspeakably cowardly and mean, as in the case of Mrs. GRAY and Mrs. LANDGRAF, whose business ruin was sought simply because they refused unjustly to coerce their employés, although such coercion and injustice are put forward as the justification of strikes. All this is evident, and no just complaint of ill treatment or of the injustice and oppression of capital can change the facts. The tyranny of capital is no reason for trying to ruin Mrs. GRAY because she will not tyrannize over her employés; and that JAY GOULD is a "fiend" may be a good reason for bringing him before the courts to prove his crimes, but it is not a reason for forcibly preventing an honest man from working for honest and satisfactory wages. The intelligent workman, to whom alone we are speaking, can see as clearly as we see that the attempt of A and B to prevent C from making his own bargains is simply to make C a slave. Now this is what every American instinctively perceives, and no warmth of appeal, based upon the suffering of the laboring man, blinds him to the plain fact. Another thing which the events of the spring have taught working-men, as well as everybody else, is that the orders of certain leaders, even if implicitly obeyed, are obeyed ignorantly and under protest, and at a cost of enormous suffering to innocent families. The organization of the associations vests absolutely despotic power in a few absolutely irresponsible persons. The obedience demanded is as abject as that of the subjects of the King of Abyssinia or of any other despot. It is humiliating to think of American citizens stopping work and stopping the food of their families for reasons of which they know nothing, and at a mere sign from an overseer. No slave-driver upon a plantation ever exercised more cruel power than "a walking delegate."

Why should American workmen, because they choose to unite for their advantage, divest themselves of their minds and consciences and common-sense? There is surely no better reason for intrusting despotic authority to an executive committee than for giving it to a President, or to Congress, or to a Legislature. Yet nothing is more jealously scrutinized by liberty-loving men everywhere than a disposition to practise arbitrary authority, and nothing shows more clearly the largely un-American character of the management of the unions than their acquiescence in such authority. Let American citizens carry into labor associations fundamental American principles, and not cease to be American citizens and observant of those principles because they unite as working-men for mutual protection. If the associations are not generally American, then the sooner they understand the American people the better. The American government is not the enemy of the people; it is their agent, and therefore it is simply stupid to "be agin the government," unless the majority is plainly oppressive, and even then the remedy is at the polls. The American people hate despotism of every kind and degree. They are for fair play and equal rights; and just so far as the labor associations prevent fair play and outrage equal rights they will be resolutely opposed by the great body of the people, and quite as much by those who understand the real situation of working-men and the frequent injustice and tyranny of corporations, as by those who do not understand the one and who deny the other. The remedy for such differences as arise from questions of wages between employers and employés, and for other real differences, is found in arbitration. But the question of the right of A and B to say whom C shall employ, or with whom D shall contract for his own labor, can no more be a subject of arbitration than any other kind of slavery.

AN OBNOXIOUS LAW.

A GREAT deal of the embarrassment of the President and much of the general distrust and ill feeling arising from appointments in the civil service would disappear if the four years' law were repealed. This law vacates at the end of four years the large part of the offices which require confirmation by the Senate, and upon which the great multitude of minor places in the service depend. The effect of the law is of course very prejudicial to the proper transaction of the public business. The expiration of the term creates a vacancy. There is no direct Executive act of removal, and the Executive feels always at liberty to regard it as virtually a new office to be filled. There is the usual enormous pressure and lying on all sides to secure the succession. If a party change of Administration has occurred in the mean while, the President is expected to give the office to one of his own party, and there is a tremendous contest among his party politicians to secure it for a mere partisan upon party grounds and for party ends. If the Administration is of the same party, there is a furious contest of party factions, and the incumbent, whatever his character and service, is declared to have had his chance and his share. Of course in this absurd scramble the public is entirely forgotten, and the public service disregarded. The appointment becomes a question solely of local politics, as in Brooklyn.

Now what do common-sense and the principles and customs of all other business and the public interests require when a four years' term expires? They require that if the incumbent be an upright, efficient, satisfactory officer, who minds the public business and refuses to make his office a party agency—a proceeding which is justly obnoxious to half of the community, and a nuisance to the whole—he shall be reappointed. It was, indeed, the alleged object of the law not to create a vacancy for the sake of change, but to stimulate good service by the knowledge that the term would expire at a particular time, and that reappointment would depend upon the official record of service. This was the plausible plea. But the real reason was to make possible the abuse which sprang up in JACKSON'S demoralizing administration to secure places for the personal parasites of politicians, and to use the public money to promote a party advantage by enabling the President to make appointments without incurring the odium of removal. President MONROE, who signed the law without comprehending its scope, and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who understood it perfectly, both renominated every officer whose term expired and whose official record was satisfactory. JEFFERSON and MADISON vehemently condemned the law. In 1826 the Senate committee reported that the law operated against its own intent, and turned out faithful officers instead of retaining them, and ten years later CALHOUN and WEBSTER united with JEFFERSON and MADISON in condemning it.

In the present state of public sentiment upon this subject, and the general intelligent conviction that the spoils system, if not arrested, will be fatal to our institutions, as already it interferes seriously with the proper and economical operation of the government, it is plain that if the President could make no change without a distinct removal, changes, under a President of reform principles, would be made only for legitimate cause. The course pursued in reappointing the New York postmaster would be the rule in every post-office under similar conditions. Postmasters would be displaced, not because they held certain opinions, but because they were poor postmasters, or because they allowed those opinions to make them violent partisans. The plea that unless the whole body of offices are made the prey of a successful party, party cannot be effectively maintained, is false. Party is just as strong in England as it is here, but it does not control the civil service. Moreover, if a party can be effectively maintained only by distributing money in the form of salaries among an army of placemen, it is not a legitimate party; it is a conspiracy—"an organized appetite" for plunder. The situation in England is the standing refutation of the assertions of Messrs. VANCE and INGALLS and the other champions of party success by patronage and not by principle. A Democrat, echoing Senator INGALLS, said the other day that he didn't want Democratic success if he couldn't have a Democratic night-watchman put in the place of a Republican. But when he was asked upon what policy or measure the Democratic party and the Republican party differed as parties, he smiled, and said that he thought Mr. RANDALL was sound upon protection. The Democratic party, by its members of Congress and its press, has been trying for a year to persuade the President to turn Republicans out, and the Republican party has been trying to keep them in. If the one were all turned out and the other all turned in, there would yet be no more a distinctive party policy upon either side than there is now. The only result would be that the service would be filled with inexperienced men, and the public interests would be necessarily injured. If the object of a civil service be to give every citizen a chance to draw money from the public treasury, changes should be made every month, that all may take their turn. But if the object be an efficient transaction of the public business, what is needed is to secure the best officers, and to change them when they become negligent or inefficient.

THE REËLECTION OF SENATOR EDMUNDS.

THERE seems to be no doubt of opposition to the reëlection of Senator EDMUNDS in Vermont, and ex-Governor SMITH, who is understood to be a candidate for the Senator's seat, is reported as saying that the Vermont Republicans have not forgotten nor forgiven Mr. EDMUNDS'S conduct in 1884. That conduct certainly showed no ardor for the Republican candidate, but Mr. EDMUNDS voted for him, and in presiding at a Republican meeting during the campaign he expressed his strong conviction of the desirability of continued Republican ascendency. His real offence, therefore, is his opinion of Mr. BLAINE. If that opinion had led him to unite with the Independent Republicans in openly opposing Mr. BLAINE'S election and supporting Mr. CLEVELAND'S, probably Senator EDMUNDS himself would not expect to be reëlected. But he may very naturally wish to know whether a Republican who supports a nomination ceases to be a Republican if he does not like the candidate. That is the real question involved in his reëlection.

We regret the course which the Senator has pursued in raising a controversy with the President. But we happen to know that the view upon which it proceeded is not a new one with him. So far as his action may have been influenced by a desire to restore himself to party confidence, it was mistaken, because nothing can condone with the BLAINE Republicans the offence that he has committed. They are naturally glad to see that he shows himself to be more of a mere partisan than ever, because that secures his harmlessness in 1888, but they will not like him nor trust him any more than before, and they will gladly see him defeated for the Senate as an impressive warning of the consequence of not liking the candidate for whom he votes. Mr. EDMUNDS probably remembers, as others remember, the attempt of Mr. BLAINE'S next friend, Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, to show that if Mr. BLAINE was justly open to injurious suspicions of a certain kind, Mr. EDMUNDS was no less so. Nor have others forgotten Mr. EDMUNDS'S conclusive treatment of that attempt.

It is, however, not Mr. EDMUNDS alone who is interested in the election in Vermont. The Republican party is quite as much interested. If it shall appear that the ablest Republican leader in the Senate, a profound constitutional lawyer, and a public man of the most valuable experience, is set aside, not because of any want of faith in Republican principles, not because of any "bolting" or Mugwumpery, but simply because he does not like a party candidate for whom, nevertheless, he votes, the Republican party will certainly not commend itself more closely to sensible citizens nor strengthen itself for future contests. Of personal character beyond reproach, of official service unspotted with any kind of suspicion, and of unquestioned and indisputable ability, Mr. EDMUNDS is certainly as good a representative of the party aims and

spirit and tendency as can be found in the party. We do not believe his defeat to be probable. But should he be defeated, it would not be he who would suffer in public estimation.

THE CASE OF JUDGE DONOHUE.

AN organization like the Bar Association in New York, if it has the courage of its convictions, is an exceedingly useful institution. Its list of members includes the most eminent lawyers in the city, and it is truly representative of the legal profession. The knowledge of the existence of such a body is in itself a conservative influence, because it reminds lawyers both at the bar and on the bench that misconduct of any kind is quite sure to be observed, and that the penalty will be probably exacted. The Association, indeed, has no other authority over lawyers and judges than that which springs from the moral weight of its declaration or action, but that is, of course, very great. Its acceptance, therefore, of the report of its committee that Judge DONOHUE's explanation of the charges made against him is not satisfactory, and its memorial to the Legislature asking for an investigation, are very significant. They should have had a greater influence with the Legislature than was indicated by the refusal of the Assembly to waive its regular order of business to take up the subject.

The Association unquestionably has done its duty. The argument that it was not constituted to impeach or try judges is idle. It was established to elevate and improve the administration of justice by the force of professional opinion, and it is morally bound to take just such action as it has taken whenever in its judgment the situation requires such action. If the sole initiative of inquiry into judicial offences were the individual action of lawyers practising at the bar, it is obvious that such offences would be flagrant and notorious before a movement would be made. Indeed, the perpetual danger of the Association is that the power of the judges to annoy lawyers may serve to paralyze prompt and vigorous action in regard to judicial misconduct. When a distinguished leader of the New York bar some years ago sent his wine at a public table to a notorious judge, he said, deprecatingly, to a friend, "You know a lawyer must be on good terms with every judge before whom he may appear."

By a vote of 198 to 128 the Association decided to send to the Legislature the report of its committee upon the insufficiency of Judge DONOHUE's reply, together with the reply itself. Every friend of Judge DONOHUE should now desire legislative investigation, and the Assemblymen who obstructed consideration of the case cannot be reckoned among his judicious friends. When the Bar Association by a very large majority agreed that his explanation was not satisfactory, the necessity of thorough and authoritative investigation became imperative. Should the judge be fully acquitted, he could not fairly complain of an action which would have given him the opportunity of silencing injurious rumors that otherwise would have continued to impair his judicial character. Both the public and the Association are to be congratulated upon the memorial: the public, that it is made aware of a vigilant professional observation of judicial conduct which otherwise would be virtually unscrutinized; the Association, that it has proved its usefulness by showing the possession of necessary courage. Had it abandoned its own investigation, or shrunk from enforcing the conclusions of its committee, it would have forfeited public confidence and respect, and might wisely have disbanded.

"WOULD WE DO IT AGAIN?"

MR. EDWARD CARY, who was one of the Independent Republicans who supported Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, and who rendered most effective service to him during that campaign, contributes to the *Forum* for May a brief and important article, which is well worthy the attention of Republicans, Democrats, and Independents. Its suggestive title is, "Would we do it again?"—a question which is answered in a most vigorous and incisive manner. The grounds of the Independent Republican course are admirably stated, although Mr. CARY denies the right of any man to speak for the Independent voters as if they were an organized party. Mr. BLAINE's election, he says, would have strengthened immensely the evils of the spoils system; it would have initiated a "policy of adventure," as shown by his evident pursuit of a sensational course, his readiness to stimulate the passions of the war, his ludicrous trimming upon the currency question, his monstrous proposition to prevent a reform of the tariff by maintaining the internal revenue and distributing it among the States, his foreign policy of interference in South and Central America, and by his countenance of repudiation in Virginia. But more and worse than this, the conduct revealed by the MULLIGAN and other letters which Mr. BLAINE could not explain showed "a diseased appetite for gain" which should not distinguish the President of the United States. This point Mr. CARY puts in the most forcible manner.

Opposed to Mr. BLAINE was a candidate whose character and career were the assurance that, however much his party might wish him to abandon his convictions and his declared course, he would nevertheless adhere to them. He was far above the general level of his party, but it was more logical to suppose that he would act upon a plane higher than that of his party than that Mr. BLAINE would keep the level of the body of the Republican party. It was reasonable to expect that the Democrats who agreed with the President, together with the Independent voters, would enable him to make a far better President than Mr. BLAINE. Therefore "it was wiser and better to take the Democratic party at its best, to strengthen the forces in it that promised progress, to put it in power with the avowed pledge that it would sustain its President, than it was to aid in debauching the Republican party by committing it to the unspeakably base standard of BLAINE and Blaineism." Mr. CARY's article concludes with a compact summary of the results of a year. The President "has committed some mistakes, and some serious faults." But "he has done better than most good men hoped, and infinitely better than those who thought to make a tool of him have wished." And Mr. CARY concludes: "With such result for what we have done, we should be fools and cowards if, under the same conditions, we should not do it again."

As it is the present purpose of Mr. BLAINE's friends to nominate him again in 1888, so clear and strong a statement as Mr. CARY's is of great significance. The reasons for opposing the election of Mr. BLAINE in 1888 would be precisely what they were in 1884. There could be no new or better defence made for him than was then made, and there could be no more reckless and savage denunciation of his Republican opponents in 1888 than there was in 1884, and of course it would be much less effective. The Democratic party, indeed, has not supported the President, and has not proved to be a party of reform. But if his support within his party has been less than some Independents hoped, very few Independent voters expected that the Democratic party would prove to be a party of reform, and for the very reason that the President has so largely justified the expectations of his Independent supporters, he will not be renominated by his party. But all this does not gain the Independent vote for Mr. BLAINE; and the changes of two years, the rise of new issues, the practical disappearance of the Southern question, the fact that the especial catastrophes anticipated from Democratic success have not occurred, and the undeniable truth, which is daily more evident, that the parties represent nothing but traditions, will greatly increase and not diminish the Independent vote.

Mr. CARY has given us a vivid and suggestive phrase, "the policy of adventure." That is a policy upon which the old Republican vote can never be united.

THE SURVEYOR'S LITTLE GAME.

THE Surveyor of the Port of New York has recommended to the Secretary of the Treasury a change in the assistant weigherships at the Custom-house. The full number of these officers is eighty in number, but for various reasons there are now only about sixty-four upon duty. They are appointed after a competitive examination, and a probation of six months to test their efficiency, and they receive $1250 a year. The Surveyor proposes to employ men at forty cents an hour, to be paid, when employed, at a rate which at full time would make about the present salary.

The object of this change is to evade the examination, and to secure eighty places as rewards for "heelers." The same object was attained by the Republicans, who employed "extra weighers," as we think they were called, who were paid thirty cents an hour when employed, and who were appointed without examination. The plan recommended by the Surveyor was abolished at the recommendation of the Jay Commission, because it was found to be grossly abused.

If the Surveyor had shown himself to be in the least interested in the reformed system, or desirous to carry out the President's principle of transacting the public business upon business principles, his recommendation might be treated as a serious, however mistaken, effort at economy and improvement of the service. But it is merely a rather ingenious device to elude the law and to provide a little more spoils for the district bosses. The Surveyor is not yet confirmed. He has been himself upon a long probation, which has tested his fidelity to the reformed system, and if any Senator is of the opinion that the Surveyor has proved his faith in reform by his works, he differs from the most careful local witnesses. We do not believe that his recommendation to evade the law will be approved by the Treasury Department.

MR. BRIGHT AND MR. GLADSTONE.

THE declaration of Mr. BRIGHT against the Irish policy of Mr. GLADSTONE shows how deep and significant is what he calls "the present sad division in the Liberal party." Undoubtedly of late years Mr. BRIGHT has been less conspicuous and active in politics, and has not disputed the supremacy of Mr. GLADSTONE's leadership. But no man in England has done more in past years to stimulate and instruct the sentiment from which the present Liberal party sprang, and no Liberal has been a stronger party man.

The actual situation, the sad division of which he speaks, will remind him forcibly of the essential nature of parties. They are made by great occasions. Mr. GLADSTONE is the Liberal chief, and Mr. BRIGHT is a chief Liberal. But Mr. BRIGHT is more in sympathy with Lord SALISBURY, the Tory chief, upon the most momentous public question in England. The English party situation is not unlike our own. The party names do not describe differences of policy nor imply concert of conviction and action among those who bear them. In this country the paramount questions are administrative reform, the currency, and the tariff. But neither the word Republican nor Democrat defines a man's position upon any one of them. In England the absorbing question is the government of Ireland. But Lord SPENCER, who warmly supports one policy, is a Liberal, and Lord HARTINGTON, who opposes it as fatal to the empire, is also a Liberal. The party names in both countries have ceased to describe a policy.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a letter to the London *Times* suggesting that the expressions of opinion upon the Irish question from America are not understood correctly in England, and are chiefly intended to affect the Irish vote in the United States. The Marquis clearly "sees the point." So far as such expressions favor some kind of home rule they express the general American sentiment. But their purpose is wholly domestic. The election of 1884 showed a strong Irish vote for the Republicans, and the Republican leaders aim to retain it as a compensation for the loss of the Independent vote. This fact in itself shows again the essential change of the political situation. That situation is such that if President CLEVELAND should take upon the question of reform a position as positive and advanced as that of Mr. GLADSTONE upon the government of Ireland, like Mr. GLADSTONE he would compel a reorganization of parties upon actual issues, and again give meaning to party names.

PERSONAL.

SALVINI's virile Othello was probably never seen to such advantage as in connection with EDWIN BOOTH's subtle and sinuous Iago. Mr. BOOTH freely consented to be flung down and trodden upon after the Italian tragedian's well-known manner in one of the principal scenes; and Signor SALVINI reciprocated, in the interest of coöperation, by consenting to play the Ghost to the American tragedian's Hamlet. Many friends of dramatic art in this country have long wished to witness such an exhibition of self-sacrifice, and they believe that this notable example will bear excellent fruit. It has sometimes been said that a great stock company is an impossibility in the United States because star actors are so sensitive to the importance of preserving their self-importance.

—The late Mr. H. H. RICHARDSON, the architect, lived in a commodious but unpretentious cottage about a mile from the railway station in Brookline, near Boston, and much of his recent work was done in his best room on the second floor, while his eight or ten assistants were carrying out his ideas in five or six rooms and corridors below. The visitor, who usually was conducted through these apartments on his way to the drawing-room, was much impressed by the apparent magnitude of the architect's business, as well as by the beauty and abundance of the hanging photographs of European and Asiatic edifices of note. Mr. RICHARDSON had a tall and robust figure and a princely bearing. He was much liked by the younger architects of Boston, one of whom said, a few days ago, "None of us is jealous of RICHARDSON; he knows that he is a success, and he can afford to be generous." Although he occasionally designed private residences in later years, his preference was for orders for public buildings, "in constructing which," he used to say, "we don't have to bend to the tastes of ladies, you know."

—A distinguished physician criticises a distinguished novelist for admiring "the delicate pink edge" of a young woman's eyelid. He declares that the phenomenon which pleases the novelist is symptomatic of scrofula, and therefore absolutely devoid of beauty to every intelligent soul.

—Of the late Paris publisher M. HETZEL, his friend M. LEMOINNE makes editorial mention as follows in the *Journal des Débats*: "Go, gentle friend. Farewell, and Heaven be with thee. At another time I will try to speak of thy career. To-night I cannot. I am tired of burying friends, and tired of surviving them."

—In the latest chapters of his autobiographic series, Mr. RUSKIN gives a hint to the figure-painters. The girls he admires have "oval faces, crystalline blonde, with straightish, at the utmost wavy (or, in length, wreathed) hair, and a form elastic, and foot firm"; but his "hope with all girls" is to please them, and his "primary thought" how to serve and make them happy. If they could use him for a plank bridge over a stream, or set him up for a post to tie a swing to, he would be charmed. He has intense delight in whatever beauty or grace they chance to have, and in most cases perceptive sympathy, heightened by faith in their right feeling. All this gives him "considerable power with girls," but at the same time prevents him from ever being in the least at ease with them.

—Mr. GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY, well known as a dramatic critic, is associate editor of a new weekly journal, *The Theatre*, published in magazine form, and containing criticism and news, musical and dramatic. Mr. MONTGOMERY understands his business, and his name is a guarantee of honesty of purpose.

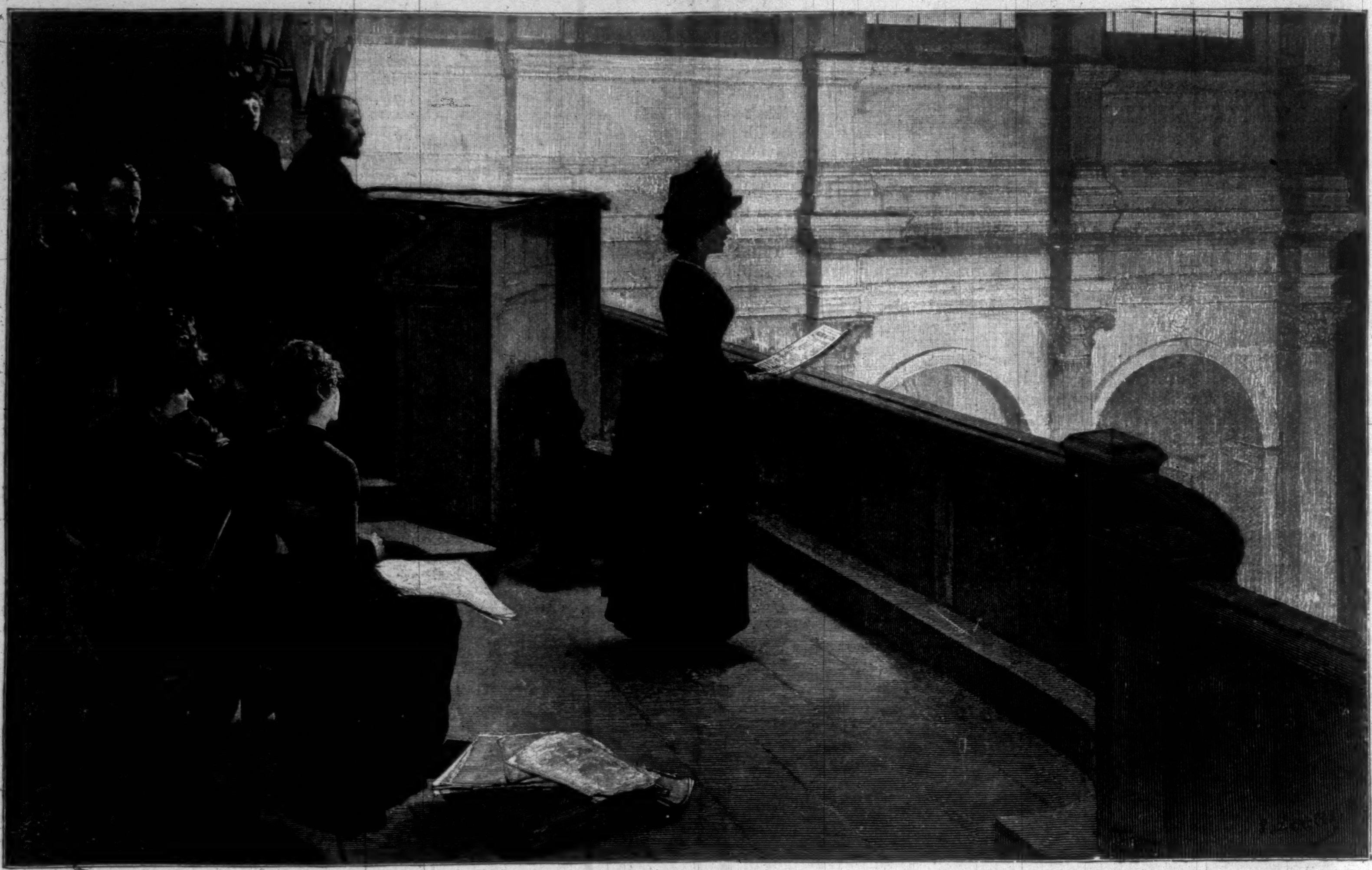
—The painters of 2750 works have this year been refused admission to the Paris Salon.

—A citizen of unimpeachable morals called recently at a Broadway book-store to buy a book for his wife. He was shown a new edition of the Waverley Novels. "Waverley Novels! Waverley Novels!" he mused, dreamily. "Oh yes; they are the same as the *Waverley Magazine*, ain't they?"

—The pedestal of the monumental group in honor of JOHN C. CALHOUN soon to be erected in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, will be thirty-three feet high, and thirty feet square at the base. The figures will be modelled in Rome by Mr. HARNISCH, the sculptor.

—Many of the younger painters of both sexes sent pictures to the Academy Exhibition the titles of which were written in French or with quotation marks. Such subjects as "A September Evening" appear as "Soir de Septembre"; and such subjects as "Moonlight on the River," or "Early Dawn," were honored with quotation marks on the frames. The authorities of the Academy invariably send back the French titles, with a request to have them translated, while the quotation marks are eliminated on the spot.

—Miss VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON, the well-known novelist, who is sojourning in Florence, writes to a friend in this city an interesting private letter, from which we are permitted to make the following extract: "I wish you could look into the studio of the sculptor Mr. LARKIN MEAD, brother-in-law of Mr. HOWELLS, and see his work, 'The Mississippi River,' a colossal form of water-god, surrounded by all the emblems of the majestic stream. I am confident you would be profoundly interested in the noble work, as I am, watching the head and lines grow out of the Carrara block, from the crown of cotton to the alligator coiled beneath the feet. This is the most characteristically American work I have yet seen undertaken by a native American artist, and the largest ideal figure since MICHAEL ANGELO's gigantic shapes. The sculptor is a small and slender man. One is curiously reminded of humanity in watching the block take form beneath the blows of the chisel, realizing that we are all being thus fashioned by years and experience. In contrast with 'The Mississippi,' a small and delicate bust, called 'Venice,' is especially suggestive of the loveliness, in type, of the Adriatic city."



"À L'ORGUE."—From the Painting by M. Lerolle.—[See Page 293.]

THE CANOE EXHIBITION.—Photographed by L. W. Seavey.—[See Page 299.]

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

BOYCOTTER. "*You* must stop work, because *I* have a grievance against your employer, no matter whether you have any, or whether your family suffers meanwhile. *I must show my power.*"

"À L'ORGUE."

M. LEROLLE's own title for the picture of which an engraving is given in this issue may be best translated "In the Organ-Loft." It was a piece of uncommon good fortune that it should be exhibited in America, and still better that a gentleman of liberal judgment and wise cultivation determined that it should remain here, and become a part of the first permanent public exhibition that we establish. Since its exhibition began in the collection of the French Impressionists in the Art Association Galleries in Madison Square it has been very generally remarked by visitors that LEROLLE at least was not an Impressionist. It is quite true that LEROLLE's picture does not belong with the pictures of the Impressionists who give character to this most fantastic, interesting, and instructive display of a modern French school, but he is nevertheless an "Impressionist," pure and simple, in the best sense of that misapplied and much misunderstood word; that is to say, he paints with directness and simplicity, and in achieving a few of the larger truths of color and form succeeds in stimulating the imagination to perceive all the rest. It was this quality of their work which made Impressionists of MICHEL, ROUSSEAU, MILLET, and DIAZ, and it is a fantastic and often grotesque insistence upon this quality, or an ostentatious affectation of it, that makes the works of the ultra-Impressionists so discordant and incomprehensible.

In LEROLLE's picture there are three masterly principles set forth with great force and cogency—composition, drawing, and color. The first is all simplicity and truthfulness, but not the expression of those traits which a photograph would reveal; the second is manifest in the wonderful correctness and rightful relation of all the details, the modelling and solidity of the figures, the unimpeachableness of the perspective; the last makes its impression because one is aware only that the truth has been told, and not that a scheme has been worked out as if a picture were a harmonious rug from Teheran. The combination is a perfect picture in its way, very beautiful, full of a charming sentiment, and intensely sympathetic.

The singer is not a type of beauty, and there is no consideration of æsthetic millinery in any part of the canvas. In the accessories there is no beauty or novelty of detail, no architecture, no ornate design anywhere, but only the plainest commonplace of wood and plaster. But it is all illuminated with a rare intelligence, and pervaded by that subtle gift of interpretation which makes us not merely to see things as they are, but to see them as they are seen of others that are more highly endowed.

The technique of the picture is most instructive. It is broad almost to coarseness, but it is a breadth that is magical in its significance when the subject is regarded from the point of view intended by the artist. For artists it is as interesting a picture as the most duly impressionistic canvas in the collection, and the details of the drawing and the complex considerations of perspective which it presents are problems of unfailing instruction and fascination.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

CHAPTER XLI.—(*Continued.*)

Henchard, however, leaving the town by the east road, proceeded to the second or stone bridge, and thence struck into this path of solitude, following its course beside the stream till the dark shapes of the Ten Hatches cut the sheen thrown upon the river by the weak lustre that still lingered in the west. In a second or two he stood beside the weir-hole where the water was at its deepest. He looked backward and forward, and no creature appeared in view. He then took off his hat and coat, and stood on the brink of the stream with his hands clasped in front of him.

While his eyes were bent on the water beneath, there slowly became visible a something floating in the circular pool formed by the wash of centuries—the pool he was intending to make his death-bed. At first it was indistinct, by reason of the shadow from the bank; but it emerged thence, and took shape, which was that of a human body lying stiff and stark upon the surface of the stream.

In the circular current imparted by the central flow the form was brought forward, till it passed under his eyes; and then he perceived with a sense of horror that it was *himself*. Not a man somewhat resembling him, but one in all respects his counterpart, his actual double, was floating as if dead in Ten Hatches Hole.

The sense of the supernatural was strong in this unhappy man, and he turned away as one might have done in the actual presence of an appalling miracle. He covered his eyes, and bowed his head. Without looking again into the stream, he took his coat and hat, and went slowly away.

Presently he found himself by the door of his own dwelling. To his surprise, Elizabeth Jane was standing there. She came forward, spoke, called him "father" just as before. Newson, then, had not even yet returned.

"I thought you seemed very sad this morning," she said: "so I have come again to see you. Not that I am anything but sad myself. But everybody and everything seem against you so; and I know you must be suffering."

How this woman divined things! Yet she had not divined their whole extremity.

He said to her: "Are miracles still worked, do ye think, Elizabeth? I am not a read man. I don't know so much as I could wish. I have tried to peruse and learn all my life; but the more I try to know, the more ignorant I seem."

"I don't quite think there are any miracles nowadays," she said.

"No interference in the case of desperate intentions, for instance? Well, perhaps not, in a direct way. Perhaps not. But will you come and walk with me, and I will show ye what I mean."

She agreed willingly, and he took her over the highway, and by the lonely path to Ten Hatches. He walked restlessly, as if some haunting shade, unseen of her, hovered round him and troubled his glance. She would gladly have talked of Lucetta, but feared to disturb him. When they got near the weir he stood still, and asked her to go forward and look into the pool, and tell him what she saw.

She went, and soon returned to him. "Nothing," she said.

"Go again," said Henchard, "and look narrowly."

She proceeded to the river brink a second time. On her return, after some delay, she told him that she saw something floating there; but what it was she could not discern. It seemed to be a bundle of old clothes.

"Are they like mine?" asked Henchard.

"Well—they are. Dear me—I wonder if—Father, let us go away."

"Go and look once more; and then we will get home."

She went back, and he could see her stoop till her head was close to the margin of the pool. She started up, and hastened back to his side.

"Well," said Henchard; "what do you say now?"

"Let us go home."

"But tell me—do—what is it floating there?"

"The effigy," she answered, hastily. "They must have thrown it into the river, higher up amongst the willows, to get rid of it, in their alarm at discovery; and it must have floated down here."

"Ah—to be sure—the image o' me! But where is the other? Why that one only? . . . That performance of theirs killed her, but saved me alive!"

Elizabeth Jane thought and thought of these words, "saved me alive," as they slowly retraced their way to the town; and at length guessed their meaning. "Father, I will not leave you alone like this!" she cried. "May I live with you, and tend upon you as I used to do? I do not mind your being poor. I would have agreed to come this morning, but you did not ask me."

"May you come to me?" he cried, bitterly. "Elizabeth, don't mock me! If you only would come!"

"I will," said she.

"How will you forgive all my roughness in former days? You cannot!"

"I have forgotten it. Talk of that no more."

Thus she assured him, and arranged their plans for reunion; and at length each went home. Then Henchard shaved for the first time during many days, and put on clean linen, and combed his hair, and was as a man resuscitated thenceforward.

The next morning the fact turned out to be as Elizabeth Jane had stated: the effigy was discovered by a cowherd, and that of Lucetta a little higher up in the same stream. But as little as possible was said of the matter, and the figures were privately destroyed.

Despite this natural solution of the mystery, Henchard no less regarded it as an intervention that the figure should have been floating there. Elizabeth Jane heard him say: "Who is such a reprobate as I? And yet it seems that even I am in Somebody's hand!"

CHAPTER XLII.

But the emotional conviction that he was in Somebody's hand began to die out of Henchard's breast as time slowly removed into distance the event which had given that feeling birth. The apparition of Newson haunted him. He would surely return.

Yet Newson did not arrive. Lucetta had been borne along the church-yard path; Casterbridge had for the last time turned its regard upon her, before proceeding to its work as if she had never lived. But Elizabeth Jane remained undisturbed in the belief of her relationship to Henchard, and now shared his home. Perhaps, after all, Newson was gone forever.

In due time the bereaved Farfrae had learned the at least proximate cause of Lucetta's illness and death, and his first impulse was naturally enough to wreak vengeance in the name of the law upon the perpetrators of the mischief. He resolved to wait till the funeral was over ere he moved in the matter. The time having come, he reflected. Disastrous as the result had been, it was obviously in no way foreseen or intended by the thoughtless crew who arranged the motley procession. The tempting prospect of putting to the blush people who stand at the head of affairs—that supreme and piquant enjoyment of those who writhe under the heel of the same—had alone animated them, so far as he could see; for he knew nothing of Jopp's incitements. Other considerations were also involved. Lucetta had confessed everything to him before her death, and it was not altogether desirable to make much ado about her history, alike for her sake, for Henchard's, and for his own. To regard the event as an untoward accident seemed to Farfrae truest consideration for the dead one's memory, as well as best philosophy.

Henchard and himself mutually forbore to meet. For Elizabeth Jane's sake the former had fettered his pride sufficiently to accept the small seed business which some of the Town Council, headed by Farfrae, had purchased, to afford him a new opening. Had he been only personally concerned, Henchard, without doubt, would have declined assistance even remotely brought about by the man whom he had so fiercely assailed. But the sympathy of the girl seemed necessary to his very existence, and on her account pride itself wore the garments of humility.

Here they settled themselves; and each day of their lives Henchard anticipated her every wish with a watchfulness in which paternal regard was heightened by a burning, jealous dread of rivalry. Yet that Newson would ever now return to Casterbridge to claim her as a daughter there was little reason to suppose. He was a wanderer and a stranger, almost an alien; he had not seen his daughter for several years; his affection for her could not in the nature of things be keen; other interests would probably soon obscure his recollections of her, and prevent any such renewal of inquiry into the past as would lead to a discovery that she was still a creature of the present. To satisfy his conscience somewhat, Henchard repeated to himself that the lie which had retained for him the coveted treasure had not been deliberately told to that end, but had come from him as the last defiant word of irony which took no thought of consequences. Furthermore, he pleaded within himself that no Newson could love her as he loved her, or would tend her to his life's extremity as he was prepared to do cheerfully.

Thus they lived on in the shop overlooking the church-yard, and nothing occurred to mark their days during the remainder of the year. Going out but seldom, and never on a market-day, they saw Donald Farfrae only at rarest intervals, and then mostly as a transitory object in the distance of the street. Yet he was pursuing his ordinary avocations, smiling mechanically to fellow-tradesmen, and arguing with bargainers—as bereaved men do after a while.

"Time, in his own gray style," taught Farfrae how to estimate his experience of Lucetta—all that it was, and all that it was not. There are men whose hearts insist upon a dogged fidelity to some image or cause, thrown by chance into their keeping, long after their judgment has pronounced it no rarity—even the reverse, indeed; and without them the band of the worthy is incomplete. But Farfrae was not of those. It was inevitable that the insight, briskness, and rapidity of his nature should take him out of the dead blank which his loss threw about him. He could not but perceive that by the death of Lucetta he had exchanged a looming misery for a simple sorrow. After that revelation of her history, which must have come sooner or later under any circumstances, it was hard to believe that life with her would have been productive of further happiness.

But as a memory, notwithstanding such conditions, Lucetta's image still lived on with him, her weaknesses provoking only the gentlest criticism, and her sufferings attenuating wrath at her concealments to a momentary spark now and then.

By the end of a year Henchard's little retail seed and grain shop, not much larger than a cupboard, had developed its trade considerably, and the step-father and daughter enjoyed much serenity in the pleasant sunny corner in which it stood. The quiet bearing of one who brimmed with an inner activity characterized Elizabeth Jane at this period. She took long walks into the country two or three times a week, mostly in the direction of Budmouth. Sometimes it occurred to him that when she sat with him in the evening after these invigorating walks she was civil rather than affectionate; and he was troubled, one more bitter regret being added to those he had already experienced at having, by his severe censorship, frozen up her precious affection when originally offered.

She had her own way in everything now. In going and coming, in buying and selling, her word was law.

"You have got a new muff, Elizabeth," he said to her one day, quite humbly.

"Yes; I bought it," she said.

He looked at it again as it lay on an adjoining table. The fur was of a glossy brown, and, though he was no judge of such articles, he thought it seemed an unusually good one for her to possess.

"Rather costly, I suppose, my dear, was it not?" he hazarded.

"It was rather above my figure," she said, quietly. "But it is not showy."

"Oh no," said the netted lion, anxious not to pique her in the least.

Some little time after, when the year had advanced into another spring, he paused opposite her empty bedroom in passing it. He thought of the time when she had cleared out of his then large and handsome house in Corn Street, in consequence of his dislike and harshness, and he had looked into her chamber in just the same way. The present room was much humbler, but what struck him about it was the abundance of books lying everywhere. Their number and quality made the meagre furniture that supported them seem absurdly disproportionate. Some, indeed many, must have been recently purchased; and though he encouraged her to buy in reason, he had no notion that she indulged her innate passion so extensively in proportion to the narrowness of their income. For the first time he felt a little hurt by what he thought her extravagance, and resolved to say a word to her about it. But before he had found the courage to speak, an event happened which set his thoughts flying in quite another direction.

The busy time of the seed trade was over, and the quiet weeks that preceded the hay-making season had come—setting their special stamp upon Casterbridge by thronging the market with wood rakes, new wagons in yellow, green, and red, formidable scythes, and pitchforks of prong sufficient to skewer up a small family. Henchard, contrary to his wont, went out one Saturday afternoon to the market-place, from a curious feeling that he would like to pass a few minutes on the spot of his former triumphs. Farfrae, to whom he was still a comparative stranger, stood a few steps below the Corn Exchange door—a usual position with him at this hour—and he appeared lost in thought about something he was looking at a little way off.

Henchard's eyes followed Farfrae's, and he saw that the object of his gaze was no sample-showing farmer, but his own step-daughter, who had just come out of a shop over the way. She, on her part, was quite unconscious of his attention, and in this was less fortunate than those young women whose very plumes, like those of Juno's bird, are set with Argus eyes whenever possible admirers are within ken.

Henchard went away, thinking that perhaps there was nothing significant after all in Farfrae's look at Elizabeth Jane at that juncture. Yet he could not forget that the Scotchman had once shown a tender interest in her, of a fleeting kind. Thereupon promptly came to the surface that idiosyncrasy of Henchard's which had ruled his courses from the beginning, and had mainly made him what he was. Instead of thinking that a union between his cherished step-daughter and the energetic thriving Donald was a thing to be desired for her good and his own, he hated the very possibility.

Time had been when such instinctive opposition would have taken shape in action. But he was not now the Henchard of former days. He schooled himself to accept her will, in this as in other matters, as absolute and unquestionable. He dreaded lest an antagonistic word should lose for him such regard as he had regained from her by his devotion, feeling that to retain this under separation was better than to incur her dislike by keeping her near.

But the mere thought of such separation fevered his spirit much, and in the evening he said, with the stillness of suspense, "Have you seen Mr. Farfrae to-day, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth Jane started at the question; and it was with some confusion that she replied, "No."

"Oh—that's right—that's right. . . . It was only that I saw him in the street when we both were there." He was wondering if her embarrassment justified him in a new suspicion—that the long walks which she had latterly been taking had anything to do with the young man. She did not enlighten him, and lest silence should allow her to shape thoughts unfavorable to their present friendly relations, he diverted the discourse into another channel.

Henchard was, by original make, the last man to act stealthily for good or for evil. But the *solicitus timor* of his love—the dependence upon Elizabeth's regard into which he had declined (or, in another sense, to which he had advanced)—denaturalized him. He would often weigh and consider for hours together the meaning of such and such a deed or phrase of hers, when a blunt settling question would formerly have been his first instinct. And now, uneasy at the thought of a passion for Farfrae which should entirely usurp her mild filial sympathy with himself, he observed her going and coming more narrowly.

There was nothing secret in Elizabeth Jane's movements beyond what habitual reserve induced; and it may at once be owned on her account that she was guilty of occasional conversations with Donald when they chanced to meet. Whatever the origin of her walks on the Budmouth Road, her return from those walks was often coincident with Farfrae's emergence from Corn Street for a twenty minutes' blow on that rather windy highway—just to winnow the seeds and chaff out of him before sitting down to tea, as he said. Henchard became aware of this by going to the Ring, and, screened by its enclosure, keeping his eye upon the road till he saw them meet. His face assumed an expression of extreme anguish.

"Of her, too, he means to rob me!" he whispered. "But he has the right. I do not wish to interfere."

The meeting, in truth, was of a very innocent kind, and matters were by no means so far advanced between the young people as Henchard's jealous grief inferred. Could he have heard such conversation as passed, he would have been enlightened thus much:

He.—"You like walking this way, Miss Henchard—and is it not so?" (uttered in his undulatory accents, and with a Scotchman's pondering, world-not-realized gaze at her).

She.—"No, sir—not more than other ways."

He.—"But it's true that you often do walk here?"

She.—"Oh yes; I have chosen this road latterly. I have a reason for it."

He.—"And that may make a reason for others."

She (reddening).—"I don't know that, sir. My reason, however, is not what you may think."

He.—"Is it a secret?"

She (reluctantly).—"Yes."

He (with the pathos of one of his native ballads).—"Ah, I doubt there will be any good in secrets! A secret cast a deep shadow over my life. And well you know what it was."

Elizabeth Jane admitted that she did; but she refrained from confessing hers; and thus talking they proceeded along the road together till they reached the town, and their paths diverged.

Henchard vowed that he would leave them to their own devices, put nothing in the way of their courses, whatever they might mean. If he were doomed to be bereft of her, so it must be. In the situation which their marriage would create he could see no *locus standi* for himself at all. Farfrae would never recognize him more than superciliously; his poverty insured that, no less than his past conduct. And so Elizabeth Jane would grow to be a stranger to him, and the end of his life would be friendless solitude.

With such a possibility impending he could not help watchfulness. Indeed, within certain lines, he had the right to keep an eye upon her as his charge. The meetings seemed to become matters of course with them on special days of the week.

Once he was standing behind a wall close to the place at which Farfrae encountered her, and he thought he heard the young man address her as "Dear Elizabeth Jane."

But what struck Elizabeth's step-father as odd was the fact that she never allowed Farfrae to intercept her on her outward journey, which she always performed alone.

The absorbing interest which the courtship—as it evidently now was—had for Henchard led him on to a further step. A quarter of a mile from the highway was a prehistoric earthen fort of huge dimensions and many ramparts, within or upon whose enclosures a human being, as seen from the road, was but an insignificant speck. Hither Henchard resorted, glass in hand, and scanned the hedgeless *Via*—for it was the original track laid out by the legions of the Empire—to a distance of two or three miles. His step-daughter had passed by on her walk some time before; and she presently emerged from a cutting in the hill, bound homeward.

Then a figure came from behind the Ring at the other edge of the landscape, and advanced to meet her half-way. Applying his spy-glass, Farfrae was disclosed. They met, joined hands, and—Donald kissed her, Elizabeth Jane looking quickly round to assure herself that nobody was near.

When they were gone their way, Henchard came out from the fort, and mournfully followed them to Casterbridge. The chief looming trouble in this engagement had not decreased. Both Farfrae and Elizabeth Jane, unlike the rest of the people, supposed Elizabeth to be his actual daughter, from his own assertion while he himself had the same belief; and though Farfrae must have so far forgiven him as to have no objection to own him as a father-in-law, intimate they could never be. Thus would the girl, who was his only friend, be withdrawn from him by degrees through her husband's influence, and learn to despise him.

Had she lost her heart to any other man in the world than the one he had rivalled, cursed, wrestled with for life, in days before his spirit was broken, Henchard would have said, "I am content." But content with the prospect as now depicted was hard to acquire.

There is an outer chamber of the brain in which thoughts unowned, unsolicited, and of noxious kind are sometimes allowed to wander for a moment prior to being sent off whence they came. One of these thoughts sailed into Henchard's ken now.

Suppose he were to communicate to Farfrae the fact that his betrothed was not the child of Michael Henchard at all—legally, nobody's child; how would that correct and leading townsman receive the information? He might possibly forsake Elizabeth Jane, and then she would be her step-sire's own again.

Henchard shuddered, and exclaimed, "God forbid such a thing! Why should I still be subject

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.

to these visitations of the Devil, when I try so hard to keep him away!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

What Henchard saw thus early was, naturally enough, seen at a little later date by other people. That Mr. Farfrae "walked with that reprobate Henchard's step-daughter, of all women," became a common topic in the town, the simple perambulating term being used hereabout to signify a wooing; and the nineteen superior young ladies of Casterbridge, who had each looked upon herself as the only woman capable of making the merchant Councilman happy, indignantly left off going to the church Farfrae attended, left off conscious mannerisms, left off putting him in their prayers at night among their blood-relations; in short, reverted to their natural courses.

Perhaps the only inhabitants of the town to whom this looming choice of the Scotchman's gave unmixed satisfaction were the members of the philosophic party, which included Longways, Christopher Coney, Billy Wills, Mr. Buzzford, and the like. The King of Prussia having been, years before, the house in which they had witnessed the young man and woman's first humble appearance on the Casterbridge stage, they took a kindly interest in their career, not unconnected, perhaps, with visions of festive treatment at their hands hereafter.

Not a hint of the matter was thrown out to her step-father by Elizabeth herself, or by Farfrae either. Reasoning on the cause of their reticence, he concluded that, estimating him by his past, the throbbing pair were afraid to broach the subject, and looked upon him as a lion in the path whom they would be heartily glad to get out of the way. Embittered as he was against society, this moody view of himself took deeper and deeper hold of Henchard, till the daily necessity of facing mankind, and of them particularly Elizabeth Jane, became more than he could endure. He determined to get out of the way of those who did not want him, and hide his head forever.

With this in view he took his measures; and one morning surprised the young woman whom he had looked upon as his all in this world by saying to her, as if he did not care about her more: "I am going to leave Casterbridge, Elizabeth Jane. This little shop can be managed by you alone as well as by us both; I don't care about shops, and streets, and folk—I would rather get into the country by myself out of sight, and follow my own ways, and leave you to yours."

"I am sorry you have decided on this," she said, with disciplined firmness. "For it is probable—possible—that I may marry Mr. Farfrae some little time hence, and I should like you to stay and approve of the step at least."

"I approve of *anything* you desire to do, Izzy," said Henchard, huskily. "But I wish to go away. My presence might make things awkward for Mr. Farfrae, and—in short, it is best that I go."

Nothing that she could urge would induce him to reconsider his determination; and it must be confessed that there was a leaven of half-heartedness in her deprecations, which after-events explained. "Then," she said at last, "you will not come to my wedding, and that is not as I should wish it to be."

"I don't want to see it—I don't want to see it!" he exclaimed; adding more softly, "But think of me sometimes in your future life—you'll do that, Izzy?—think of me when you are living as the wife of the richest, the foremost man in the town, and don't let my sins cause ye to quite forget that though I loved 'ee late I loved 'ee well."

She promised; and the same evening at dusk Henchard left the town, to whose development he had been one of the chief stimulants for many years.

During the day he had bought a new tool basket, cleaned up his old hay knife and wimble, set himself up in fresh leggings, kneenaps, and corduroys, and in other ways gone back to the working clothes of his young manhood, discarding forever the shabby-genteel suit of cloth and rusty silk hat that since his decline had characterized him in the Casterbridge streets as a man who had seen better days.

He went secretly and alone, not a soul of the many who had known him being aware of his departure. Elizabeth Jane accompanied him as far as the second bridge on the highway, and parted from him with unfeigned regret—keeping him back a minute or two, as if she had something to explain, but finally letting him go without explaining it. She watched his form diminish across the moor, the yellow straw basket at his back moving up and down with each tread, and the creases in his leggings coming and going alternately till she could no longer see them. Though she did not know it, Henchard formed at this moment much the same picture as he had presented when entering Casterbridge for the first time nearly a quarter of a century before; except, to be sure, that the serious addition to his years had considerably lessened the spring of his stride, and imparted to his shoulders, as weighted by the basket, a perceptible bend.

He went on till he came to the first mile-stone, which stood in the bank, half-way up a steep hill. He rested his basket on the top of the stone, placed his elbows on it, and gave way to a convulsive twitch, which was worse than a sob, because it was so hard and so dry.

"If I had only got her with me—if I only had!" he said. "Hard work would be nothing to me then! But that was not to be. I—Cain—go alone as I deserve—an outcast and a vagabond. But my punishment is *not* greater than I can bear!"

He sternly subdued his anguish, shouldered his basket, and went on.

Elizabeth Jane in the mean time had breathed him a sigh, and turned her face to Casterbridge. Before she had reached the first house she was met in her walk by Donald Farfrae. This was evidently not their first meeting that day; they joined hands without ceremony, and Farfrae anxiously asked, "And is he gone—and did you tell him? I mean of the other matter—not of ours."

"He is gone. But I did not tell him. I could not do it."

"Well, well, dearie; you may know best about that. But he'll hear of it if he does not go far."

"He will go far; he's bent upon getting out of sight and sound."

She walked beside her lover, and when they reached the Town Pump, turned with him into Corn Street instead of going straight on to her own door. At Farfrae's house they stopped and went in.

Farfrae flung open the door of the ground-floor sitting-room, saying, "There he is waiting for you," and Elizabeth entered. In the arm-chair sat the broad-faced genial man who had called on Henchard on a memorable morning between one and two years before this time, and whom the latter had seen mount the coach and depart within half an hour of his arrival. It was Richard Newson.

"At last I've saved 'ee the trouble to come and meet me—ha! ha!" said Newson. "The fact is that Mr. Farfrae here, he said, 'Come up and stop with me for a day or two, Newson, and I'll bring her round.' 'Faith,' says I, 'so I will;' and here I am."

"Well, Henchard is gone," said Farfrae, shutting the door. "He has done it all voluntarily, and, as I gather from Elizabeth Jane, he has been very nice with her. I was got rather uneasy; but all is as it should be, and we will have no more difficulties at all."

"Now that's very much as I thought," said Newson, looking into the face of each by turns. "I said to myself, ay, a hundred times, while I've been living on in my Budmouth lodgings, and I said it to Elizabeth—didn't I, Elizabeth?—at my meetings with her on the road—'Depend upon it, 'tis best that I should live on quiet like this till something turns up for the better. I now see ye two or three times a week,' says I, 'and we have these pleasant walks, and what can I wish for more? I should not be happier if I were residing with ye publicly; and Henchard, after all, has more legal claim upon ye.' 'Twas very good of her," he added, turning and addressing Elizabeth in the third person, "to come out so regularly as she did. Whatever the weather, if she'd agreed to meet me, there she was upon the road without fail."

"And all the while I was supposed to be the culprit who dragged her out into the freezing and blawing," said Farfrae; "though knowing full well myself I was not—only meeting her on her way back sae humbly. Well, Mr. Newson, I will be glad to see ye here every day now, since it can do no harm. And what I've been thinking is that the wedding may as well be kept up under my own roof, the house being large, and you being in lodgings yerself—so that a great deal of trouble and expense would be saved ye—and 'tis a convenience when a couple's married not to hae far to go to get home."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Newson; "since, as ye say, it can do no harm, now poor Henchard's gone; though I wouldn't ha' done it otherwise, or put myself in his way at all; for I've already in my lifetime been an intruder into his family quite as far as politeness can be expected to put up with. But what do the young woman say herself about it? Elizabeth, my child, come and hearken to what we be talking about, and not bide staring out o' window as if ye didn't hear."

"Donald and you must settle it," murmured Elizabeth, still keeping up a scrutinizing gaze at some small object in the street, blushing very much nevertheless.

"Well, then," continued Newson, turning anew to Farfrae with a face expressing thorough entry into the subject; "that's how we'll have it. And Mr. Farfrae, as you provide so much, and house room, and all that, I'll do my part in the drinkables, and see to the rum and schiedam—maybe a dozen jars will be sufficient, as many of the folk will be ladies, and perhaps they won't drink hard enough to make a high average in the reckoning. But you know best. I've provided for men and shipmates times enough, but I'm as ignorant as a child how many glasses of grog a woman is expected to consume at these ceremonies."

"Oh, none—we sha'n't want much of that—oh no," said Farfrae, shaking his head with respectable gravity. "Do you leave all to me."

When they had gone a little further in these particulars, Newson, leaning back in his chair, and smiling reflectively at the ceiling, said, "I've never told ye—or have I?—Mr. Farfrae and Elizabeth, how Henchard put me off the scent that time."

They expressed their ignorance of what he alluded to.

"Ah! I thought I hadn't. I resolved that I would not, I remember, not to hurt the man's feelings. But now he's gone, I can tell ye. Why, I came to Casterbridge nine or ten months before that day that I found ye out. I had been here twice before then. The first time I passed through the town on my way westward, not knowing Elizabeth lived here. Then, hearing at some place—I forget where—that a man of the name of Henchard had been Mayor here, I came back, and called at his house one morning. The joker! he said Elizabeth Jane had died years ago."

Elizabeth now gave earnest heed to his story.

"Now it never crossed my mind that the man was selling me a packet," continued Newson. "And, if you'll believe me, I was that upset that I went back to the coach that had brought me, and took passage onward without lying in the town half an hour. Ha! ha! 'twas a good joke, and well carried out, and I give the man credit for't."

Elizabeth Jane was amazed at the intelligence. "A joke? Oh no. What a bad man!" she cried. "Then he kept you from me, father, all those months, when you might have been here?"

The father admitted that such was the case.

"He ought not to have done it," said Farfrae.

"I never heard of such a thing," said Elizabeth Jane. "That's enough. He's a bad man. I can forget him now."

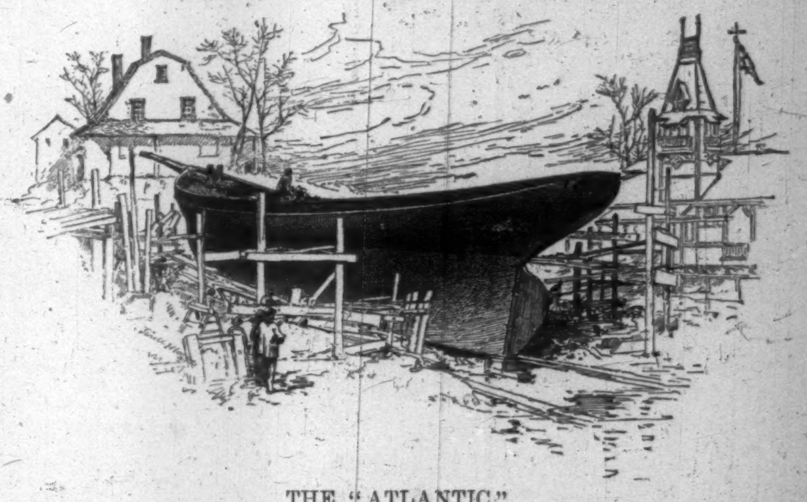
Newson, like a good many rovers and sojourners among strange men and strange moralities, failed to perceive the enormity of Henchard's crime, notwithstanding that he himself had been the chief sufferer therefrom. Indeed, the attack upon the absent culprit waxing violent, he began to take Henchard's part.

"Well, 'twas not ten words that he said, after all," Newson pleaded. "And how could he know that I should be such a simpleton as to believe him? 'Twas as much my fault as his, poor fellow!"

"No," said Elizabeth Jane, firmly. "He knew your honest disposition—you always were so trusting, father; I've heard my mother say so hundreds of times—and he did it to wrong you. After weaning me from you these five years by saying he was my father, he should not have done this. I can never forgive him, and I'm glad he's gone."

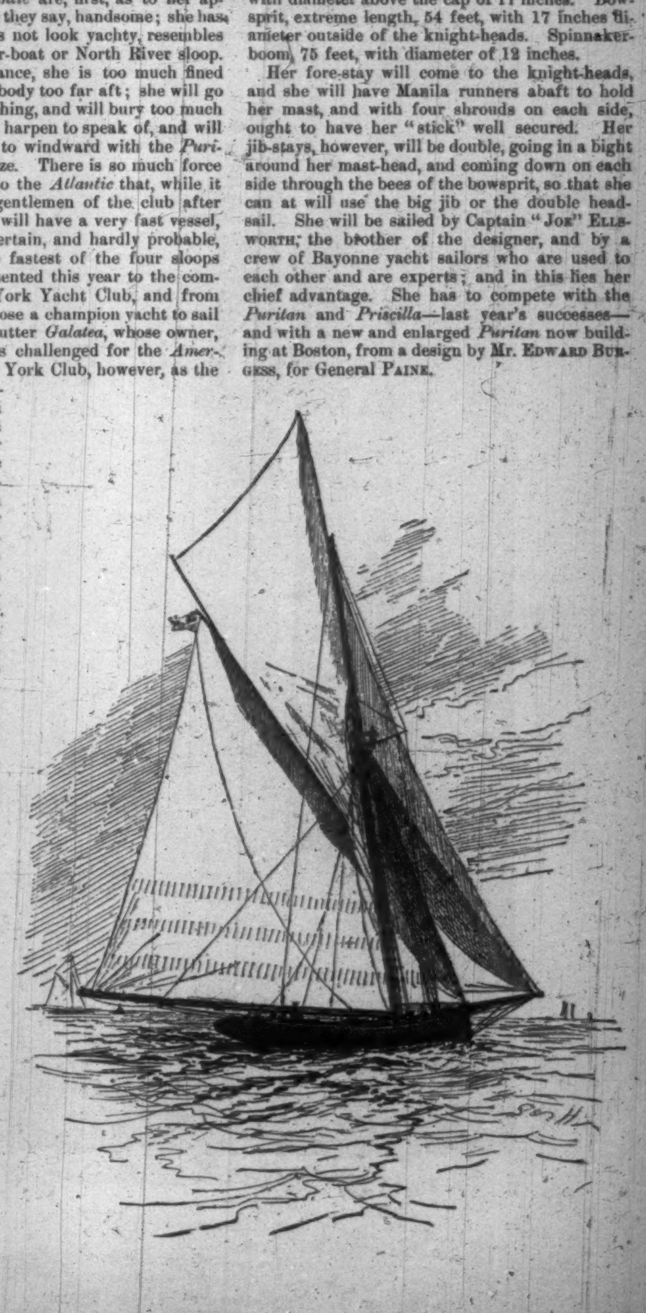
"Well, well, never mind; it is all over and past," said Newson, good-naturedly. "Now about this wedding again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE "ATLANTIC."

Without doubt, the sloop-yacht *Atlantic*, whose picture is here given, has attracted more attention than any yacht that has ever been built in this country. The pilgrims to this shrine have been so numerous that the gentleman who has a house of entertainment at the head of Fifty-fifth Street, Brooklyn—where those who contemplate visiting the new yacht leave the cars—says that his business has been doubled since her keel was laid. Of course of those who have visited her, who are, or think they are, experts in the designing of vessels, the prime object has been to find fault; and if the truth be told, they have found slight exercise for their critical acumen. Summed up, it may be said that the objections to the *Atlantic* are, first, as to her appearance; she is not, they say, handsome; she has too much sheer, does not look yachty, resembles too much the oyster-boat or North River sloop. And as to performance, she is too much fined down forward; her body too far aft; she will go by the head in launching, and will bury too much in a seaway; has no harpen to speak of, and will never be able to go to windward with the *Puritan* in a strong breeze. There is so much force in these objections to the *Atlantic* that, while it is certain that the gentlemen of the club after which she is named will have a very fast vessel, it is by no means certain, and hardly probable, that she will be the fastest of the four sloops which are to be presented this year to the committee of the New York Yacht Club, and from which they are to choose a champion yacht to sail against the British cutter *Galatea*, whose owner, Lieutenant Henn, has challenged for the *America's* Cup. The New York Club, however, as the trustee of this international trophy, is in a far better position than it was last year when the owner of the cutter *Genesta* challenged for it. Then it had only the four sloops, *Mischief*, *Gracie*, *Fanny*, and *Hildegard*, all of which were notoriously inferior to the *Genesta*; and there were building a yacht in Boston that no one thought much of, and an enlarged *Mischief* at Wilmington, from whom all hoped much. Now the committee has four sloops, the slowest of which, all yachting men believe, will prove more than a match for the *Galatea*, and no one dreams that there is the least chance of her capturing the *America's* Cup in competition with the fastest.



The *Atlantic* is a wooden centre-board yacht, built by Mr. John Mumm from a design by Captain Philip Ellsworth, the lines of which were given in this paper last year, when Commodore Bennett had resolved to build from them. She is being built now by some of the wealthy gentlemen of the Atlantic Yacht Club, *carte blanche* being given Mr. Ellsworth as to cost. She is 95 feet 1 inch over all; 83 feet water-line; extreme beam, 23 feet 2 inches; at water-line, 22 feet 8 inches; least free-board, 3 feet 3 inches; draught, forward, 4 feet 5 inches, amidships, 8 feet 10 inches, aft, 8 feet 7 inches; displacement, 108 tons; outside ballast, 33 tons; inside ballast, 9 tons.

Her broadest part is 60 per cent. of her length. Her spars are: mast, 81 feet, with a diameter at the partners of 20 inches, and it is placed 30 feet from the stem. The boom is 76 feet, with a diameter of 15 inches; gaff, 48 feet, with 11 inches diameter. Topmast, 48 feet, with diameter above the cap of 11 inches. Bowsprit, extreme length, 54 feet, with 17 inches diameter outside of the knight-heads. Spinnaker-boom, 75 feet, with diameter of 12 inches.

Her fore-stay will come to the knight-heads, and she will have Manila runners abaft to hold her mast, and with four shrouds on each side, ought to have her "stick" well secured. Her jib-stays, however, will be double, going in a bight around her mast-head, and coming down on each side through the bees of the bowsprit, so that she can at will use the big jib or the double head-sail. She will be sailed by Captain "Joe" Ellsworth, the brother of the designer, and by a crew of Bayonne yacht sailors who are used to each other and are experts; and in this lies her chief advantage. She has to compete with the *Puritan* and *Priscilla*—last year's successes—and with a new and enlarged *Puritan* now building at Boston, from a design by Mr. Edward Burgess, for General Paine.

TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.—Henry H. Ric

[...]ICHARDSON, ARCHITECT.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

HAM FILSON'S DRESS SUIT.

I.

A WOMAN thrust her uncombed head out of a second-story window. "Oh, Hank Smith! Hank! Oh, Hank Smith!"

"Hello, Mis' Cutler," the man called back from a skiff he was freeing from a gate post.

"Our wood-house's jus' gone off. Won't you ketch her?"

The man rowed off, presently returning with the runaway wood-house fastened to the stern of his boat.

"Mis' Cutler," he shouted, "I got her. She was cavortin' down Secon' Street with Rache Thomas's chicken coop. I know'd it, because I help Rache git the chickens out; she's got 'em in an ol' trunk upstair."

"I'm sure I'm 'bleeged to you, Hank. I had her tied to the kitchen door, but she keeps gittin off. Give me the line."

"Mis' Cutler," said Hank, in a loud whisper, "the boats have been over to the railroad, an' sich a sight of bar'ls and boxes ye never seed. They're takin' them to the school-house. The tackies have the 'lottin' of 'em. Ef I was in your place I'd be on hand."

"Ye don't say, Hank! Wait till I slick up a little, an' take me up."

"Nobody's dressin', Mis' Cutler. I want to warn sister Liza. Her an' the young uns are up to Mis' Jones George's. They're ten families thar livin' like fightin' cocks, walkin' on flowered carpets an' sittin' on stuffed chairs."

"Lookey hyur, Hank, I wouldn't be too free tellin'. In course I don' mind your sister Liza, bein' allays for my own fembly, as sisters should. But folks lodged at Mis' Jones George's, it stands to reason, ain't needin' like them prisoned, you might say, in their own garret."

Mrs. Cutler while she was speaking climbed out of the window into the boat, and they rowed away over the back yard.

The recent habit of floods in the Ohio Valley had brought about a systematic organization. Millport was districted. The committees of investigation, wearing badges, came and went, reporting to secretaries. Committees on distribution carried out their suggestions. Young boys, decorated with bits of ribbon, acted as messengers. The school-rooms were resolved into offices. Young men with their coats off opened the barrels and boxes. Young women on their knees unpacked them and made note of their contents. There was much laughing and chaffing, and, I dare say, flirting.

"Girls! girls! look! what a beautiful box!" cried a young girl in an adoring attitude before a newly opened box. "One, two, three—six flannel petticoats, three Cardigan jackets, flannel wrapper. Did you ever see anything so lovely? The last box I unpacked had in it a faded silk evening dress, and a pair of satin slippers."

"Slippers, Bessie? Where? Bah! those satin. I want carpet slippers—elevens."

Bessie took up a package tied up in layers of blue tissue-paper. Inside, neatly folded in the original creases, lay a man's dress suit. It was of the most approved fashion, silken bound, silken facings. Between the folds lay a card.

Hamilton McK. Filson,
93 *West* 33d *Street.*

"Here, Bessie, you're tired," said Colonel May, the president of the Relief Society. "Suppose, for a change, you go with me in the boat to take some things to Lewis Elwood's mother? They tell me she is down with pneumonia. Hello! my good woman. Nobody is allowed in here. Give me your name and address, and the committee shall visit you. Come, go."

It was Mrs. Samantha Cutler, who, against the rules, had invaded the depot of supplies. That Mrs. Samantha lacked in the eloquence of her clothing she now made up in the woe-begoneness of her countenance, which a few moments before was alive with curiosity.

"Bein' as we 'ain't 'cumbered nobody," said Mrs. Samantha, moving slowly toward the door, impelled by the broad hand of Colonel May at her back, "an' livin', one might say, on the roof, an' all our out-houses gone off, an' 'lowin' we 'ain't had nothin' yit, an' nobody carin', an' me an' ol' father, ninety odd—"

Mrs. Samantha, thus talking, with her head turned backward, had her speech broken unawares by the front-door step. The sudden movement released the colonel's hand and his responsibility, and Mrs. Samantha ran with her usual sprightliness to a group disposed about the outer fence. Hank Smith leaned against a post, chewing tobacco, and sister Liza balanced herself on the fence, but with difficulty, owing to the children hanging on to her skirts.

"Hank! Hank!" said Mrs. Samantha, breathless from running, "I've seed sich gyarments as 'd make your eyes water."

"Ye don't mean ye've been in, Mis' Cutler? It's agin the rules."

"Hang the rules! Them things 's ourn. But, Hank, lemme whisper in yer year. They've got a spiked-tail suit, the finest thing ye ever seed. Ef I was you I'd have it."

Sister Liza got off the fence, that she might hear better. "Do tell me, Smanth, what did ye see that would do fur me? I heerd there was some stylish dresses. I'd like a mantilly, an' sumpin fur little Mandy."

"I didn' see any wimmen's clothes fur much. But there's piles of blankets. Ef I was you I'd have a pair. An' don't you take them blue or gray ones. They can give them to the Airish or niggers."

Hank Smith had thus far let the women do the talking. Finally he straightened himself. "Mis' Cutler, did you get any idee o' the girth o' them clothes?"

"No. Ye see, Hank, Colonel May edged me right out when he seed me lookin'. I tell ye that room is heapin' full. Ye needn't tell me we're a-goin' to get 'em, neither. I seed Mis' Colonel May takin' off flowered comforts in her kerridge. Mark my words, this winter 'll fin' 'em on her beds. Phily Mason tol' me for a fac' that Mis' Dr. Morton got a party dress for Meliss' out o' them boxes."

Again Hank spoke meditatively. "Did ye say, Mis' Cutler, that Bessie Dean had the 'lottin' of them gyarments?"

"Yes; an' there she comes, Hank. Her min's kind o' runnin' on somebody fur 'em, an' ef I was in your place I'd jus' hang round."

With this advice Hank hurried to the place, and began "to hang round."

Bessie Dean came down the walk with Colonel May, and Hank placed himself conspicuously in the path.

Colonel May slapped him on the back. "Hank, I'll give you a quarter to row us down to West Millport. You won't earn a quarter easier."

To Hank the pain of exerting himself was compensated for by the desired opportunity of placing his broad person in line with Miss Dean's eye. Otherwise the earning of a quarter Hank would have disdained when things were going for nothing. They walked to the end of the block, where the water met them, and the jo-boat was ready. They were only seated when a small boy with a red ribbon came shouting for Colonel May.

"You're wanted. Committee. General Jackson," he shot out of his mouth like projectiles.

A young man came lazily sauntering down the street.

"Hello, Allen! Come, take my place; just in time."

Bessie turned her head. "Colonel, I can't go; I forgot something." She stood up.

But the colonel was off, and the young man called Allen, who jumped into the boat more eagerly than he walked, and sat down in the colonel's place, said: "Good-morning, Miss Dean. You'd better sit down." Bessie was still standing, waiting for somebody to give her a hand. Allen, taking an oar, pushed the boat slyly from the shore, and swaying it gently with his body, forced Bessie in self-defence to sit down.

"There is Mrs. Murtroyd. I wonder if she wouldn't like the ride." He put up his hands, and called, trumpet-fashion, "Go jo-boating?"

A trim young woman came running down in answer. "Only too glad. Good-morning, Bess. This is enough better than unpacking boxes."

As she talked, Mrs. Murtroyd sat down by Bessie. Allen with a pair of oars faced them, and Hank rowed behind. Allen was satisfied with this arrangement, Mrs. Murtroyd no less so. But Bessie sat silent, and apparently absorbed in everything rather than in her neighbors.

The boat approached the window of Mrs. Cutler's house, out of which an old man peered.

"How d'ye, Uncle Zias?" Hank called.

"Hank, is that you? Where's Smanth? I'm mos' starved."

"Oh, give him something to eat. Dear sir, haven't you anything to eat?" the sympathetic committee woman cried. "What district are you in?"

"I'm not a-needin'. I'm older'n anybody. I've summered and wintered with floods. I can tell 'em all things. We've plenty to eat. I want my darter, Smanth Cutler, to come home; the risin's run all over the stove. She's up roostin' on the school-house fence. She'll never come home until somebody gives her a josie, or sumpin."

"Oh, it's clothing she needs. I'll write it down."

"No, she don't, neither. But I heard her say she'd like to have a feather fan." The old man stopped, and shut the window with a bang.

"What a dreadful old man!" Mrs. Murtroyd exclaimed.

"I take off my hat to him," said Allen, gravely putting down his oars.

A skiff crowded past them, and moved into the window of a house.

"Howdy do?" they said to Hank.

"Howdy do?"

"How are you this morning?"

"How are you this morning?" Hank returned.

These greetings accomplished, they proceeded to let a cabinet organ that had been drawn up to the ceiling on pulleys down into the skiff. Rowing out again, they lifted it into the second-story window of the same house.

"I don't believe there's a piano left below Fourth Street," commented Mrs. Murtroyd. "Aunt Anna put hers on blocks; then they stood it on chairs. Lastly they got it on tables, and now it is paddling around, a free and independent piano."

"Duck your heads, girls! Look out for the telegraph wire! Here we are, Hank."

The boat drew up alongside an upper window. An old woman in a short gown and petticoat was at a table eating. As she saw the window darkened by the boat, she dropped her knife and ran to the bed. It was high from an accumulation of beds that had emigrated from below. But the old woman was short and fat, and in vain she tried to climb into the bed. She grasped wildly at the clothes, that, yielding, let her down again on the floor. One foot tried to reach the bed rail for vantage-ground, but failed.

"If you will only wait a moment, madame," said Allen, gravely, "Hank Smith will get in and boost you."

But the old woman seized a chair, and rolling in, drew the clothes over her, leaving her shoes and ankles uncovered.

"I've been looking for ye," she whispered, faintly. "I was a'mos' starved, an' got up to git a bite."

Alice walked over to the table and inspected the feast—remnants of bacon, molasses, and corn bread. "Pneumonia, I think, is her disease, Bessie?"

"I am glad you are better, Mrs. Elwood," said Bessie. "We've brought you down some things, and, if you like, I'll make you some nice arrow-root."

"Laws-a-massy!" said the old woman, sitting bolt-upright. "Ef you'll bring me a bit of salt pork and some cabbage, I think I might git well. But ef I die, I won't die on messes."

"Mrs. Elwood," said Allen, getting in the window, "don't you know you're in the hands of a committee that means you're to eat nothing but arrow-root? That's one of the rules. The best thing you can do is to get well and out of their clutches. I promise you, Mrs. Elwood, you shall have what you want. And what do you say, Mrs. Elwood, to some tobacco? Yes, I think I understand. You shall have it. Ladies, if you are ready, I think Mrs. Elwood prefers to be alone. Mrs. Murtroyd, steady."

Alice gave a jump, with a little shriek. Allen turned, but Bessie had given her hand to Hank, and was in the boat. Allen shrugged his shoulders, and took up the oar.

"The old humbug!" said Alice. "Isn't it awful to see to what depths of deceit these old people will descend?"

"What can you expect when you offer them a premium on it?"

"And what did you do, Allen Taylor? Tobacco, indeed!"

"I fought the devil with his own weapons. I offered her a prize package of old Durham to return to her dirt and diet, and cease inveigling mere girls and innocent young men into her shanty by shamming sickness."

Hank, who had begun to be weary and discouraged, looked up with interest, and poked Allen in the back.

"Say a word for me, won't you, cap?"

Allen gave him an assuring nod.

"Don't you think, Alice, it would be a good thing to give them to Jesse Doak?" Bessie continued.

"The very thing! He could preach in them, and marry people, and bury people. How jolly!"

"I believe Mrs. Murtroyd would call war, pestilence, and famine jolly," said Allen; "but I can tell you that little nigger preacher couldn't keep in them. He'd slip through."

"I'm going to have them taken in," said Bessie, with dignity.

"Taken in! But you can't take in and let out and splice men's clothes. Nobody ever heard of such a thing."

"Then all I've got to say is, Mr. Allen, if men can never wear made-over clothes, they've missed one of the great joys of life," chimed in Alice.

"There you do have the advantage of us. But if my opinion is of any value, I will give it. I think those clothes ought to go to some young man."

"Are you speaking for yourself?"

"You haven't heard me—to some honest young fellow who's going to be married. Hank, have you a girl?" Allen asked, in a low tone, over his shoulder.

"No, cap."

"Then get one."

"I declare that isn't a bad idea, Bessie."

"I think my mind is quite made up," Bessie answered, with dignity.

Hank sighed, but Allen encouraged him with a wink.

The jo-boat landed, and the two girls started to the school-house.

"What's the matter between you and Allen Taylor, Bessie? Don't you speak?"

"Of course we speak, as you call it."

"Well, not often, if I'm a judge. It isn't about Lulu George?"

"No," exclaimed Bessie, indignantly. "But what about Lulu George?" she asked, more mildly.

"He had her at Blind Tom's the other night."

"Do you think I am jealous, Alice Murtroyd?"

"Well, then, what is it? You might tell me; I'm married."

The reason did not seem adequate, and Bessie was silent.

"I always told you everything. It can't be that old affair. Gracious goodness! haven't you got over that? Well, I never! If you were married, you'd get tired making a fuss about a little thing so long."

"Then you think it a little thing to come to one's house, and before a girl's father and mother too, after having taken too much wine?"

"Why, what did he do, Bess?"

"He said: 'Mr. Dean, you have a very nice daughter. I've been telling my friends about her, and they said they'd like to see her. So we're here.'"

Mrs. Murtroyd shrieked with laughter. "What did your father say?"

"Afterward he said my 'friends were slightly exhilarated.'"

"That wasn't much. He's a man; he knows. You see, Bess," she said, taking Bessie's arm confidentially, "where men are concerned, you have to look at everything all around. It isn't like women, who have everything cut and dried for them."

"But you don't seem to see, Alice—perhaps it's because you're married—that I demand for my presence a little respect."

"That's a nasty little speech, Bessie Dean. But I am married, and I'll give you a little bit of advice. In this world you've got to take things by and large. Allen always did like you better than any other girl in town, and I've an idea you like Allen; so don't go and make yourself wretched for nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Well, a little thing, as things go," said Mrs. Murtroyd, out of her larger experience.

Allen meanwhile stopped behind.

"Did you hear what I said, Hank?"

"Yes, cap."

"Well, heed it. Go courting, and I'll see you through."

"She seems mightily sot."

"Miss Dean? Yes. But I'm sotter."

II.

Finally the water stopped rising, and its subsidence was more rapid than its rise, and to the eye more terrible. The houses were left coated with yellow slime, and the town a mud-hole. Men mounted the tallest horses and went out to seek their possessions. Four barns sat down on one lot like gossips swapping stories. A house went down the road and placed itself plumb on the foundations of another house. The smaller houses, as if to escape detection, turned upside down as they skipped beneath their owners' eyes, and now hid under sand and drift piles. The chicken coops and pigsties were released from the back doors, where they had been tied like children to keep them from playing truant.

Whereas there had been no work, there was now more than could be done. But the crowds around the school-house were greater, and scorned four dollars a day offered for house-cleaners. The supplies still poured in, against the protests of the telegraph to stop supplies. It became necessary to protect the overworked committees, and sentinels armed with rifles paced between the school-house and the murmuring crowd. Stories passed from lip to lip of stores secreted and carried away by the committees. "Aristocrats," "Blue-nosed Yankees," were the mildest epithets hurled at them as they passed. The sun at last came out on the steaming mud, and disease, physical as well as moral, threatened the now ill-fated place.

By this time the bestowal of Ham Filson's dress suit divided attention with the supplies. The contest was finally narrowed down to Hank Smith and Jesse Doak. The town was divided into two factions. Bessie was astonished to find herself at the head of one, while Allen secretly commanded the other. For reasons more than Hank's happiness, Allen was glad to interest himself in the matter, since he hoped to be able to bring some personal work to bear.

"Of course, Hank," Allen said, at a rendezvous appointed to ascertain the girth of the clothes—"of course I can't say they're for a worthy young man who is going to be married until I can produce the man, and particularly the girl. You see, these clothes are a sort of public bequest, and everybody has a right to know. Oh, Hank, you're too big!" Allen exclaimed, throwing down his tape measure.

"Cap, I'll buckle myself in."

"That won't do; you'll have to be pared down generally if you get into Squire Filson's clothes. You must take some reefs in your diet."

Hank departed, a sadder and wiser man, to find Mrs. Cutler and sister Liza, as usual, on the school-house fence. He laid the case before them, feeling singularly unable to steer himself through such complicated circumstances.

Mrs. Cutler and sister Liza shook themselves like old war-horses, having that love of match-making which comes with years, the last of the catching diseases.

"There's Jake Wilkins's Suse. She's a likely gal, Hank."

"Onst for all, Lizy, don't help me to red-haired gals."

"Thar's Almiry Dixon," suggested Mrs. Cutler. "Her hair's black as a sloe. An' she's a good height to walk arm in arm."

"I ain't goin' to have any giantses either."

"Well, give us a notion of 'bout what 'd you like. Does your min' rest on looks or behavior?" urged sister Liza.

"As ef I knew I'd come to you! Thar's jus' where I'm needin' help. An' it's got to be done to-day, or I'll be worn to a shadder with it on my min'."

"I'd git one with a big lot of kin that 'll speak up fur ye," said Mrs. Cutler, with forethought.

"Yes, an' eatin' ye out o' house an' home," commented sister Liza. "Look at me an' Jeems's folks. Now my word's for C'line Beasley, Hank. She's been disapp'inted, an' would be easy to git."

"She's freckled. I don't hanker after her either."

"Lawsy, Hank, you're too all-fired partikilar," said sister Liza, in a sisterly way. "When ye've got to snatch a bran' from the burnin', as the Scripturs say, ye can't pick an' choose that a-way."

"Hank, I've the very girl fur ye—Ginnie Troup. She's trim in walkin', an' can make a pone o' bread ekel to none."

"But, Hank, her and Sam Smithy's sweethearts. I'd let her know that the gyarments is thrown in," added sister Liza.

Hank sniffed significantly. Although shy, his shyness did not result from any doubt as to his own personal advantages.

"Ef I was you, Hank, I'd go immejut. Ef you say, I'll tote off Sam Smithy."

Mrs. Cutler disappeared. Hank straightened himself, threw away his tobacco, and took a fresh piece. He started, and turned back.

"Lizy, you 'ain't a pocket-handkerchy, have you?"

"Laws, what a question!" his sister exclaimed.

But Hank did not yet feel quite up to it. He came back again.

"Jes hol' my pocket-book, will ye, Lizy?"

"Jeems's Rivers, Hank! ye ain't goin' in swimmin', are ye?"

There seemed to be no reason for longer delay, so Hank plunged into the crowd.

Mrs. Cutler came back. "I had everything fixed for him handsome, but I 'ain't seen him."

Very soon they saw Hank coming across the grass hand in hand with C'line Beasley, and both grinning sheepishly.

"I've got her!" cried Hank.

"Ginnie Troup?" inquired Mrs. Cutler.

"No; C'line."

"I tol' him," said sister Liza, triumphantly, "Ginnie an' Sam Smithy's sweethearts. I was fur you all the time, C'line. Says I, 'C'line's bin

disapp'inted, an' she'll be easy to git.' Didn't I, Hank?"

Nothing could now disturb Hank's serenity. As for C'line, circumstances, whatever they might be, had made her easy to get, and being got was so evidently preferable to not being got, that even sister Liza's reminiscences could not discompose her.

Hank's case was now made out. The Beasleys, Cutlers, and Smiths managed to get in a good deal of work. But the most effective influence was C'line herself, who went to house-cleaning with a zeal inspired by an impending trousseau, and thus won over Colonel May and Mrs. Jones George.

Meanwhile Jesse Doak's cause had not languished. Jesse had taken to holding evening meetings, and during the day his meek little presence was to be seen eloquently mute seated on a stump in the school-house yard, his legs wrapped in gray blankets. But Jesse's most powerful advocate was Aunt Ann, cake-maker in extraordinary to all the quality, and great on any unusual domestic occasion. At this time she was unusually active, and her privileged position always gained her a hearing. At this point she was making the most of it, and with Jesse Doak meekly in tow and a covered bowl in her hand, attempted to pass through the crowd to the school-house door.

"Clear the way, hyur! It 'pears like a mighty sight o' folks cumbrin these flags. Brer Doak an' me have a call in-do', an' I expec' I have to stomp on some un. Brer Doak, keep a tight hol' on my frock."

Aunt Ann squared her elbows, and the crowd gave way before her powerful arms. The movement jostled the outer rows into the mud; and among those whose shoes were thus bespoiled were Mrs. Cutler and sister Liza. These ladies, however, were as much incensed with Aunt Ann's manner as at their muddied shoes.

"It's a purty time o' day if we're to be knocked into the mud by a brace o' niggers. Stan' over, Jake Brown."

The crowd swayed, and Aunt Ann was pressed so closely that she raised her bowl, which contained pickled red cabbage—intended as a persuasive offering to Mrs. May—and the vinegar ran down the neck of Jake Brown. Naturally startled by the cold trickle, Jake threw up his hand, and unwittingly knocked the bowl out of Ann's hand. The red shreds fell in a shower. A dozen eyes smarted from the vinegar, and two dozen hands struck out wildly.

The occasion only needed another grievance. Those on the outer edge were ignorant of the cause of the stir, but threw themselves into it. Some one cried, "The things are ourn; le's take 'em." A rush was made on the building. Bessie Dean coming through the door, a burly fellow seized her. Allen, from within, saw her reel and stumble. Dashing out, he lifted her by both arms, like a child, and carried her inside. Then he flung himself on the crowd which the sentinel was trying to beat back with his rifle. Hank ran from the side to Allen's help; and sister Liza, seeing him through a torn slat in her bonnet, shouted,

"Hank, Jes Doak's a-goin' to git your clothes."

Ann, to whom the trembling Jesse was still clinging, was experiencing a sort of ecstasy—such as she sometimes enjoyed in the exercise of her religion. There was a wild light in her eye as she pummelled her way forward. "The sword of the Lord and Gidding! O Moses an' the Red Sea! O Moses an' the Red Sea! Miri'm come a-dancin' a-clashin' o' the tumblers! O Moses an' the Red Sea!"

Colonel May, from the doorway, saw her. "Back, all of you. Aunt Ann, ain't you ashamed of yourself, leading a mob?"

The crowd slunk back except Aunt Ann and Mrs. Cutler and sister Liza, who did not wish to lose the key of the situation, since they saw Hank as an ally of Allen Taylor.

"Lor' bless me, Colonel May! I was only comin' to bring Mis' Colonel May some o' my pickled cabbidge, an' some pore white trash done broke my bowl."

"Suppose the next time you take yourself to the house. Now clear the yard, everybody. Nothing more will be given out. We propose to issue labor tickets, and only those who will work will receive anything hereafter. This is the last word. Now go."

Allen went into the house, and Bessie, still pale from fright, ran and grasped him by the hand.

"Allen!"

Allen gave a little cry. "By Jove! my thumb!"

The blood came back into her face. She dropped his hand and turned away.

Allen caught her hand awkwardly with his left. "Bessie, forgive me."

"Oh, Allen, you are hurt!" She turned pale again as she saw his thumb hanging helpless.

"It's only out of place. I didn't even know it until you took it."

"Bessie," said Colonel May, advancing, "it's those clothes of Ham Filson that have made all this racket. In the name of all the lovers of peace and concord, give them to somebody. Six deputations, white and black, have waited on me this morning. Flesh and blood can't stand it. No matter what happens, if anybody ever dares to send anything again to this town, I'll—" Words did not seem adequate to express his feelings, so the colonel walked away.

"Oh, Allen, forgive me!" said Bessie again, in turn.

"Bessie, I deserved it, you know. If women held themselves less cheap, men would hold them dearer. But, Bessie, a little would have gone just as far."

"It wasn't only me, Allen," Bessie answered, trampling her grammar under her feet. "You were so silly before pa."

Allen lifted her hand to his lips. "If he doesn't think me wise now, I shall not respect his opinion."

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

THE CANOE EXHIBITION.

NATURE has implanted in the average masculine breast a certain love of adventurous recreation that prompts some men to bestride the unstable bicycle, others the horse, vain for safety, and leads others to follow the sea in all manner of pleasure-craft. There have been many bicycle meets and countless horse shows, but until Saturday, April 24, the world had never seen an exhibition of canoes, or, for that matter, an *exhibition*, properly so called, of any kind of pleasure-craft, afloat or ashore. The modern canoeist has heretofore rather rejoiced in the exclusiveness that surrounded his guild; but losing patience at last with the backwardness of the public at grasping the canoeing idea, the three clubs in the neighborhood of New York, under the lead of Commodore FOWLER, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, determined to hold an exhibition, and the Commodore, who is likewise a teacher, offered his spacious school-rooms for the purpose. When the doors were opened, the public entered to find desks and forms banished, and the walls half hidden by sails, flags, and tapering spars, while the floor space was occupied by elegant canoes, shining with varnish, glittering with polished brass and nickel plate, and fitted with a thousand and one contrivances for convenience and comfort. The coming season promises to be very interesting and exciting. The New York Canoe Club, founded sixteen years ago by Mr. WILLIAM L. ALDEN, opened a correspondence during the winter with leading English canoeists, and offered a challenge cup as an inducement. As a result, three of the best English sailors will bring over their canoes, and there will be a series of international races in New York waters. This cup was shown at the exhibition, with other cups and trophies belonging to clubs, notably a very handsome one belonging to the Brooklyn Club. The success of the exhibition was very flattering. The rooms, especially in the evening, when stereopticon views were given, were crowded to their utmost capacity, and the show was kept open until Monday night (Sunday excepted), so great was the interest aroused. It is a revelation to most people that a vessel exists that will carry her owner safely in almost any weather, and afford him good sleeping quarters, and can yet be carried by him in case of need. That craft similar in all essentials to those shown had voyaged northward from New York to Labrador, and southward to the Gulf of Mexico, had descended the St. Lawrence Rapids, and skirted the Great Lakes and all inland waters, was wellnigh incredible to the ladies and gentlemen of yachting proclivities who visited the Harvard Rooms on the days in question. The dark sails on the right of the picture on page 292 are bright red in color, and the device is a sea-horse, the "totem," or private signal, of the club. Other similar signals appear on some of the other sails. The rude "dug-out" in the foreground is a veritable article of considerable antiquity, and elsewhere the Indian "birch" and the Esquimaux kayack are seen in contrast with the nice work of civilized builders.

THE DOG SHOW.

THE entries for the New York Dog Show, held during four days of this week at Madison Square Garden, numbered upward of one thousand, and comprised nearly all the best dogs in the United States and Canada, and several from England. The exhibition included 44 mastiffs, 86 St. Bernards, 97 pointers, 102 English setters, 67 Irish setters, 78 spaniels, 100 collies, 89 fox-terriers, and a large number of pugs, fox-spaniels, Yorkshire terriers, and all the small fancy breeds.

The illustrations on the front page are likenesses of seven handsome dogs and famous prize-winners. Paul Gladstone, an English setter, owned by the Memphis and Avent Kennels of Memphis, Tennessee, is the winner of a dozen prizes, including the champion prizes at St. Louis in 1884, and at the World's Exposition in New Orleans in 1885, and the first prize at Philadelphia in 1885.

Roderigo is another English setter, and is also owned by the Memphis and Avent Kennels. He won the all-age stakes at the Eastern Field Trials at High Point, North Carolina, and is said to be the fastest dog in the world.

Nora is a black-and-tan setter, owned by Mr. H. CLAY GLOVER, of this city. She is the winner of the first prize at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show in October, 1885, and of many other prizes.

Elcho, Junior, is a red Irish setter, owned by Dr. WILLIAM JARVIS, of Claremont, New Hampshire. Elcho was winner in the first puppy class at Boston in 1882, winner of the first prize at Ottawa in 1883, champion, special, and sweepstakes in New York in 1884, champion in Montreal the same year, champion and special in New York in 1885, and has won other prizes.

Tammany is a liver-and-white pointer, bred by the Westminster Kennel Club of Babylon, Long Island, and owned by Mr. F. R. HITCHCOCK, of this city. Tammany won third prize at Philadelphia in 1885, and second at Newark and at Hartford this year. He is a very promising young dog, wonderfully well broken, stanch, with a fine nose, and grand style and action.

Graphic is a liver-and-white pointer, owned by the Graphic Kennels of Jersey City. His record in England, beginning in 1882 and extending over three years, is full and notable, and he has won a number of prizes here.

Bang-Bang is a lemon-and-white pointer, owned by the Westminster Kennel Club. He was bred in England, and has won notable prizes there and in this country.

THE STATUE OF SENATOR HILL.

THE public-spirited citizens of Atlanta are the first in the Southern States to pay the honor of a statue to the memory of one of their distinguished men who achieved his distinction in civil life, and the late Senator BENJAMIN H. HILL, who, of the "triumvirate of great Georgians," was the first to die, is the first to be so honored. A heroic statue of him was unveiled on May 1, in the presence of a large crowd of persons, the most of whom had enjoyed his personal acquaintance, and had added to their esteem of him as a public man their friendship as a neighbor. The statue is by the sculptor Mr. JOHN DOYLE, of New York. It stands on Peach-tree Street, the most fashionable thoroughfare of the city, near the HILL residence, and not far from the Governor's Mansion. At the unveiling of the statue the most of Mr. HILL's surviving contemporaries of distinction in Georgia were present, as well as Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. The statue was bought by the subscriptions of Georgians, the most of them citizens of Atlanta. On the four sides of the pedestal are patriotic sentiments from Mr. HILL's famous speeches.

It has been the fortune of few men to win in civil life so nearly universal and such affectionate regard of their fellow-citizens as Senator HILL won. Of the three great Georgians of his generation—TOOMBS, STEPHENS, and himself—he was the youngest and the shortest lived. His death occurred in 1882, Mr. STEPHENS's a few years later, and General TOOMBS survived them both. Mr. HILL had a steadier power than either of the others. As an orator he was not less forcible than General TOOMBS in his best days, and he was a thoroughly grounded constitutional lawyer. In his Congressional career he did more conspicuous service than any of his associates in opposing much of the legislation of reconstruction; and he took a much broader view of these subjects than any other Southern Congressman of distinction. In the debate on the "Amnesty" bill in the House in 1876 he made one of the most famous speeches of that stirring time. "Is the bosom of the country," he asked, "always to be torn with this miserable sectional debate whenever a Presidential election is pending? The victory of the North was absolute, and God knows the submission of the South was complete.... The Union never wronged us," he continued. "The Union has been an unmixed blessing to every section, to every State, and to every man of every color in America."

It is not without significance that the first Southern statesman to be so honored was the author of such a sentiment as this, and that his fame rests rather on service done to heal the wounds of the nation than in the effort to establish the right of secession.

TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON, AND ITS ARCHITECT.

THE completion of Trinity Church, in Boston, in 1876, was the emphatic announcement to the American public of a new force in architecture. The architects were Messrs. GAMBRILL & RICHARDSON, of New York. The church, however, was too plainly individual to pass for the production of a firm, and it was very soon understood that the actual designer was Mr. HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1859, a graduate also in architecture of the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, and at that time a practitioner of some ten years' standing. At that time Mr. RICHARDSON had done little of importance, the principal buildings from his designs being the offices of the Boston and Albany road in Springfield, Massachusetts, and the court-house at the same place. The former was a correct and learned and academic essay in Renaissance architecture, which sufficed to give proof of the course of study the designer had taken. The latter was a spirited and picturesque work which would have passed for "Gothic," but which did not foretell either the full powers of the designer or the line upon which they were to be exercised. The only feature that would be recognized as characteristic by students of Mr. RICHARDSON's later work is the open arcade of the basement, a motive which he afterward developed more powerfully and effectively in the beautiful Oakes Ames Memorial Hall of North Easton.

The completion of Trinity Church secured Mr. RICHARDSON's professional future. Ten years intervened between this first brilliant success and his death, which occurred at his home in Brookline, Massachusetts, on Wednesday of last week. They were years of happy and prosperous work, clouded only by the consciousness of an incurable disease; but this consciousness seemed to impair neither his spirits nor his working power. His practice included all modes of building—churches, public buildings, stores, offices, city and country houses. Among them are the Senate-Chamber, the Court of Appeals, and the western staircase, the latter now in course of erection, in the Capitol at Albany; the City Hall in the same city; several houses and a noteworthy warehouse in Boston; Sever Hall and Austin Hall at Cambridge; the county buildings at Pittsburgh, illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY for February 28, 1885, and now in progress; the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, begun within the last year; a very large warehouse for MARSHALL FIELD in Chicago, also now under construction; the large and costly dwellings of Colonel JOHN HAY and Mr. HENRY ADAMS in Washington; the group of buildings at North Easton, Massachusetts, illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY for February 2, 1884, the most striking of which—the Oakes Ames Memorial Hall—has already been mentioned; and a series of village libraries in New England, of which the most successful is the Crane Memorial Library at Quincy, illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 21, 1883.

While the works of which this is a very imperfect list are not of equal interest, there is not one which has not an interest by reason of the large, simple, and forceful conception the architect always took of his problem, and the strength and directness with which he realized his conception. Perhaps, after all, the first of his brilliant successes, the church chosen for illustration in this issue, remains as complete a representation of his genius as any single building presents, and affords as complete a measure of the great loss which not only American architecture but modern architecture in general has suffered by the death of the architect in the prime of his powers. The motive is the subordination of the church as an accessory to the great, rich, and massive tower, which fills and satisfies the eye alike at a distance and near at hand. This great tower was suggested by the tower of Salamanca Cathedral, but the architect was not indebted to his mediæval predecessor for more than a suggestion, the tower of Trinity being a far more effective and artistic performance than its mediæval prototype. One of the chief charms of the actual building is its color, the walls being of light granite, with wrought work of dark brown stone, and the tower roofed with red tile. The chief shortcomings of the work, as first built, were effaced in the studies subsequently made by the architect for the treatment of the smaller towers, and for the addition of a triple portal, which is a version in rich Romanesque of the famous north porch of Chartres.

The photograph from which the portrait of Mr. RICHARDSON has been engraved was taken by J. W. BLACK, of Boston.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A NEWSPAPER rebukes a correspondent who ventures to ask how late in the day it is proper to wear a dressing-gown about the house. The newspaper says that it is never proper. No gentleman, it declares, permits his dressing-gown to be seen outside of his bedchamber and dressing-room. Under no consideration would he presume to appear at the breakfast table with it in the presence of his wife and family. He would as soon, the newspaper avers, wear his slippers to the breakfast table, and that would be a breach of propriety almost too horrible to contemplate. It may be observed that the ordinary man is singularly impervious to this sort of rules and regulations for nice behavior. Either he has never heard of such rules or he does not care for them, choosing to live in impolite comfort, and preferring his dressing-gown and slippers to a sense of being absolutely correct; or it is possible that he regards them as humor—that popular kind of humor which gravely avers monstrous or impossible things. However that may be, he is most obstinate in his attachment to his slippers, and the chance that he will ever become gentle seems quite desperate. But the law is inexorable, and one must wear his boots to be a gentleman.

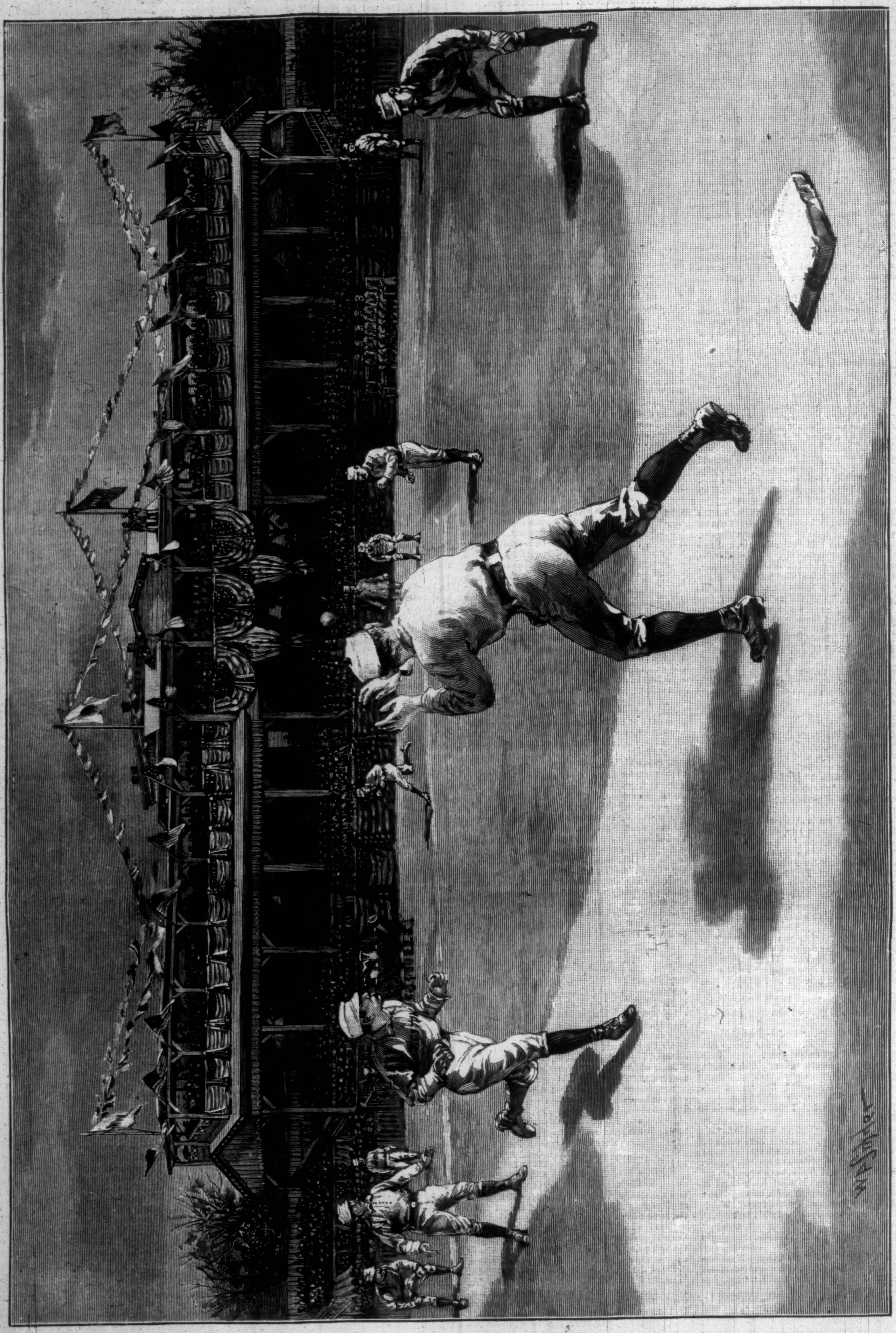
Paris is said to contain 47,500 empty flats. Each flat, if occupied, would contain at least four persons, and some 200,000 persons desiring domicile are earnestly wanted by the landlords. The statistics which afford this information do not say whether the building of flats in Paris has been so astonishingly overdone, or whether 200,000 persons have left the city through fear of the cholera or for any other unusual or usual cause.

The will of a famous European dwarf, a woman, authorizes the expenditure of ten pounds sterling for the purchase of twenty dolls, and directs that these shall be dressed from the wardrobe of the testatrix, and presented to orphans.

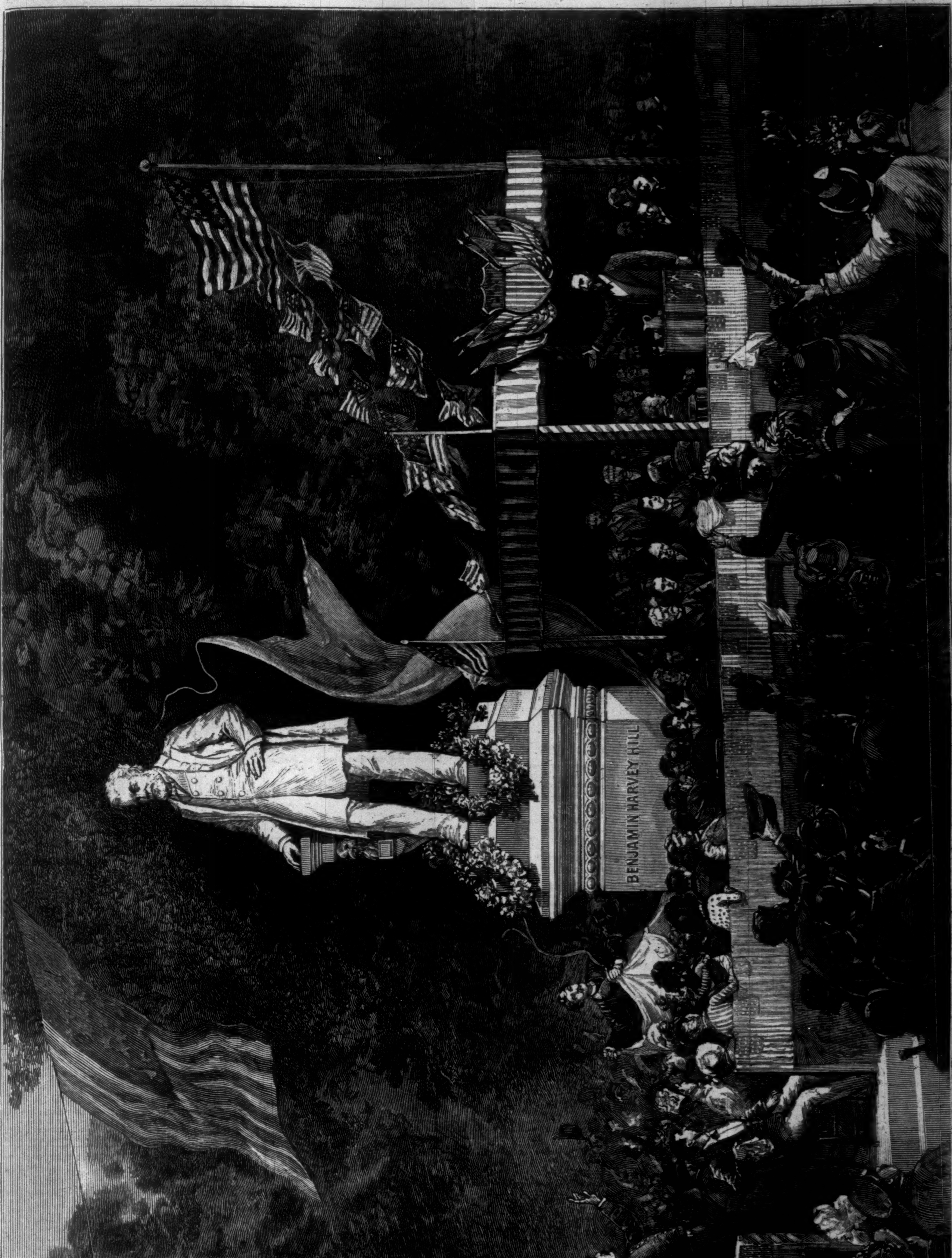
Students in the Paris School of Chemistry cried out "Resign! resign!" while in the act of assailing an unpopular professor with a shower of eggs, potatoes, cheese, butter, onions, and other provender. There was something peculiarly unreasonable in calling upon the victim for resignation at such a moment.

The story is told that a little Rochester girl, drawing a picture of a cat and a dog upon her slate, was asked by her mother why she made the cat with six legs, whereupon she answered that she knew that a cat ought to have only four legs, but that she had given it six in order to enable it to run away from the dog, which was provided with only the usual number.

A shopkeeper in London, wishing people to bear his place in mind, caused a metal bar and some other innocent-looking apparatus to be set up outside his show-window, and connected it with an electric battery, so that anybody pausing to look in, and resting his hand upon the bar, received a considerable shock. The contrivance did fix notice, but its effect was not altogether desirable. People refused to trust themselves to the interior of a shop whose peculiarities, even upon the outside, were so marked, and a large and savage dog in the doorway would hardly have been more effectual in driving away trade.



A DOUBLE PLAY—FIRST LEAGUE GAME, NEW YORK AGAINST BOSTON, APRIL 29.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 302.]



Jefferson Davis. Governor McDaniel. Dr. Spalding presenting the Statue.

UNVEILING THE STATUE OF SENATOR HILL AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA, MAY 1.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from a Sketch by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 299.]

THE BASE-BALL SEASON.

That base-ball, commonly referred to as the "national game," has suffered no loss of popularity since the close of the last season is made manifest in more than one way. Nearly fifteen thousand people paid half a dollar each to see the opening game of the National League championship series at the Polo Grounds in this city on Thursday of last week, and were rewarded with a superb exhibition of the popular sport, eleven innings being required to decide the contest between the New Yorks and Bostons, the former club winning by a single run. On the same day the League championship race was opened at Washington with a game between the Washingtons and Philadelphias in the presence of five thousand people, and at St. Louis by the St. Louis and Detroit League nines before a similar number of spectators. The other two clubs of the National League, the Chicagoes and Kansas Citys, were prevented from play on the opening day by a rain-storm at Kansas City. Here, then, were nearly twenty-five thousand people engaged on one day in watching the exciting games of but one of the several professional base-ball associations of the country, and with two of the clubs of this association idle!

It is small wonder, in the presence of these facts, that prosperity marks nearly every branch of business connected with the national game, or that the manufacturers of balls, bats, uniforms, shoes, masks, catchers' gloves, chest pads, and other accoutrements boast of a larger trade than ever before. The fascination of the game has seized upon the American people, irrespective of age, sex, or other conditions. It would require a large volume to record merely the names of the uniformed base-ball clubs of the country which are to-day struggling for all sorts of local, State, inter-State, and national championships. There are just five professional leagues or associations, however, whose games are of greater public interest than those of all other associations combined, excepting, of course, the Collegiate Baseball Association, whose contests have a peculiar interest of their own.

First of all there is the National League—the parent body—which was established in 1876, and is the pet of the country to-day. This League consists of clubs accredited to the cities of New York, Chicago, Boston, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Washington, and Kansas City. The two last-mentioned clubs are new to the League this year, and are made up of the players of the defunct Providence and Buffalo clubs of last season (whose places in the League they have taken) and several young players who are as yet unknown to fame. Last year the Chicagoes won the championship, with New York a close second, and Philadelphia third. This year the critics of the game place the chances of the New Yorks at the head of the list.

Next in importance to the National League is the American Association, consisting of the Brooklyns, the Metropolitans of Staten Island, the Athletics of Philadelphia, the Baltimores, the Pittsburghs, the Louisvilles, the Cincinnatis, and a St. Louis nine. This association may be credited with the fact of having kept base-ball prominently before the public during the winter through its attempt to expel the Metropolitan Club, which attempt brought the national game prominently before the courts, the verdict being in favor of the Metropolitan nine. The franchise of the Metropolitans has since last season been purchased by Mr. Erastus Wiman, of Staten Island, and all the home games of this club will be played on new grounds at that place during the present season, which began about three weeks ago.

The Eastern League is composed of clubs from Newark, New Jersey, Long Island City, Hartford, Bridgeport, and Meriden, Connecticut. There promises to be a great race between the Newarks and Hartfords, both of which are exceptionally strong clubs. The Southern League has representative nines at Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Chattanooga, Macon, Memphis, Nashville, and Savannah. Many famous players are connected with this association, which began the season's play three weeks ago, the Augusta Club taking the lead at the start, with Macon a good second in the race. The International League is composed of teams accredited to Buffalo, Rochester, Oswego, Syracuse, Utica, and Binghamton, in New York State, and Toronto and Hamilton, Ontario.

The *personnel* of the different clubs is mainly the same as last year. In Detroit's club, however, a marked change has been made by the addition of the "big four"—Richardson, Rowe, White, and Brouthers of last year's Buffalo League Club. Boston is strengthened by the services of Radbourn and Daily of the old Providence Club. Philadelphia has been improved, as has also St. Louis. In the American Association, St. Louis has been weakened at second base by Barkley's release, and Pittsburgh strengthened by obtaining that player, although it cost $5000 to secure him through a court of law. Baltimore takes Scott, formerly of Pittsburgh, for first base. Brooklyn got Burch from Washington and Toole from Pittsburgh. The Metropolitans got a dozen new players.

There have been many changes in playing and scoring rules since last season. Now the pitcher is allowed a space seven by four feet instead of six by three, the batsman may stand within six inches of the home plate instead of twelve, and stolen bases are scored, and players thus get credit officially for clever base-running. The championship season of all leagues lasts about six months. The only exception to the rule is in the College Association, of which Columbia, Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Amherst, and Brown are members. Harvard won the championship last year, and will probably do so again. Yale may secure the trophy, but it is more likely to fall to Princeton than to Yale if a catcher can be secured to hold Bickham's delivery. The college championship season opened May 1, although before that date several exhibition or practice games were played on the Polo Grounds by Columbia, Yale, and Princeton, these clubs having for their opponents in each case the famous New York League professional nine. The batting and fielding of the young collegians in these games must have shown to any intelligent observer that the standard of proficiency in the national game among the students of the leading colleges is astonishingly high at the present time.

LETTER FROM JAMES ROBINSON,

ATHLETIC TRAINER AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Princeton N. J., Jan. 21, 1886.

I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, &c. Shortly after entering upon my profession in this country I discovered such a remedy in Allcock's Porous Plasters. I tried Benson's Capcine and other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating.

Allcock's Porous Plasters give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. I have cured scores of students and friends of sore throats and colds by the application of these plasters on the throat and chest. I had a pupil who contracted a severe cold which settled on his kidneys. I placed two plasters over the kidneys, and the result was that in six hours he was entirely well. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back, and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In "sprint" and "distance" races and jumping the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected.

I have used Allcock's Plasters successfully in walking matches, when the legs became tired and swollen with over-exertion, by covering the important muscles with them.

It is my unreserved opinion—an opinion formed after considerable experience—that Allcock's Porous Plasters are a most efficacious and valuable remedy.

—[*Adv.*] James Robinson.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN SEASICKNESS.

S. S. Parker, Wellington, O., says: While crossing Lake Erie, I gave it to some passengers who were seasick, and it gave immediate relief."—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"*You have demonstrated that a* Perfectly *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"

Chas. S. Higgins' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites *is more nutritious and strengthening* than any other combined or single remedy. The medical profession universally prescribe it in Consumption and all wasting conditions, with splendid results.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ECZEMA AND SALT-RHEUM.

We cure nothing else. Sample treatment free. A Positive Cure. Send for Sample. Address G. W. Flood & Co., Druggists, Highland Falls, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHAT WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES, AND WHY.

CONGESTION OF THE KIDNEYS, BACKACHE

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER, ETC.

Catarrh of the Bladder, Gravel, Stone, Dropsy, Enlarged Prostate Gland, General Debility, Bright's Disease.

Why? Because it is the *only remedy known that has power to expel the uric acid and urea*, of which there are some 500 grains secreted each day as the result of muscular action, and sufficient, if retained in the blood, *to kill six men*. It is the direct cause of all the above diseases, as well as of Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, Paralysis, Insanity, and Death.

This great specific relieves the kidneys of too much blood, frees them from all irritants, restores them to healthy action by its certain and soothing power.

It cures also Jaundice, enlargement of the Liver, Abscess and Catarrh of the Bile Ducts, Biliousness, Headache, Furred Tongue, Sleeplessness, Languor, Debility, Constipation, Gall Stones, and every unpleasant symptom which results from liver complaint.

Why? Because it has a *specific and positive action* on the liver as well as on the kidneys, increasing the secretion and flow of bile, regulates its elaborating function, removes unhealthful formations, and, in a word, restores it to natural activity, without which health is an Impossibility.

Why? All these troubles, as is well known by every physician of education, *arise from congestion* and impaired kidney action, causing stagnation of the blood-vessels and breaking down, and this is the beginning and the direct cause of all the ailments from which women suffer, and must as surely follow as night does the day.

Why Warner's Safe Cure is acknowledged by thousands of our best medical men to be *the only true blood purifier* is because it acts upon scientific principles, striking at the very root of the disorder by its action on the kidneys and liver. *For, if these organs were kept in health, all the morbid waste matter so deadly poisonous if retained in the body, is passed out.* On the contrary, if they are deranged, the acids are taken up by the blood, decomposing it and *carrying death* to the most remote part of the body.

Why 93 per cent. of all diseases which afflict humanity arise from impaired kidneys is shown by medical authorities. Warner's Safe Cure, by its *direct action*, positively restores them to health and full working capacity, *nature curing all the above diseases herself when the cause is removed*, and we guarantee that Warner's Safe Cure is a positive preventive if taken in time.

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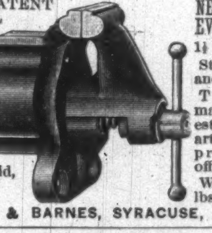

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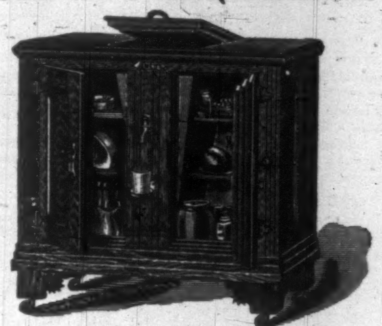

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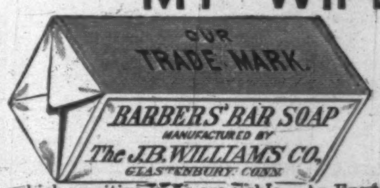

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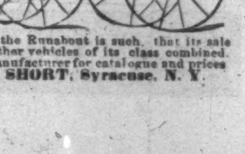

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